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GOD'S WORLD

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

O WORLD, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods (this autumn day) that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

*

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

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THE CITY THAT WILL NOT REPENT

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

CLIMBING the heights of Berkeley
Nightly I watch the West.
There lies new San Francisco:
Sea-maid in purple dressed,
Wearing a dancer's girdle
All to inflame desire:
Scorning her days of sackcloth
Scorning her cleansing fire.

See like a burning city
Sets now the red sun's dome!
See mystic firebrands sparkle
There on each spire and home!
See how the golden gateway
Burns with the day to be—
Torch-bearing fiends of portent
Loom o'er the earth and sea.

Not by the earthquake daunted
Nor by new fears made tame,
Painting her face and laughing,
Plays she a new-found game.
Here on her half-cool cinders
'Frisco abides in mirth,
Planning the wildest splendor
Ever upon the earth.

Here on this crumbling rock-ledge
'Frisco her all will stake,
Blowing her bubble-towers,
Swearing they will not break,
Rearing her Fair transcendent,
Singing with piercing art,

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BOUND AUG 9 '30

Calling to Ancient Asia,
Wooing young Europe's heart.
Here where her God has scourged her
Wantoning, singing sweet:
Waiting her mad bad lovers
Here by the judgment-seat.

'Frisco, God's doughty foeman
Scorns and blasphemes him strong.
Tho' he again should smite her
She would not slack her song.
Nay, she would shriek and rally—
'Frisco would ten times rise.
Not till her last tower crumbles,
Not till her last rose dies,
Not till the coast sinks seaward,
Not till the cold tides beat
Over the high white Shasta,
'Frisco will cry defeat.

God loves this rebel-city,
Loves foemen brisk and game,
Tho' just to please the angels,
He may send down his flame.
God loves the golden leopard,
Tho' he may spoil her lair.
God smites, yet loves the lion.
God makes the panther fair.
Dance, then, wild guests of 'Frisco,
Yellow, bronze, white and red!
Dance by the golden gateway,
Dance, tho' he smite you dead!

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE art of living, which includes the meaning of love, and the philosophy of happiness are subjects more worth while studying than how to attain riches or even how to fly. The philosophy of happiness wants more than a philosopher to explain it and to examine it. To state with any degree of certainty whether happiness is an art or an accident is not an easy task. A sound heredity and a perfect digestion sometimes appear to cover the whole ground, until one hears the intimate confessions of those who seem to possess both. These confessions lead one to the conclusion that happiness has its own special laws, and that certain conditions are essential to its existence. To reveal the nature of happiness, one really ought to be something of a child, in order to tell great secrets almost unconsciously. Possibly also, the problem should be approached only by one who has merged pain into the redemption of joy. Above all, one needs, as the interpreter, a divine jester, who is able to express the subtle connection between the anguish and gaiety which lie at the heart of things.

Many people say they are happy, but, when the veils are down, and intimate confessions are made, we find, if we are philosophers, that most of the so-called happiness of the world is a vague content or a resigned fortitude. Real happiness is a glowing, radiant thing, so radiant that the person who is really and truly happy within, spreads it contagiously, even if he is at the moment wretched. True happiness has roots, and an inner meaning. It is not an effervescent thing, or a matter of moods. It is an eternal possession, which no man or woman can actually give, or wholly take away.

Now what is the philosophy of it? Is happiness an art to be acquired, or a mere accident? Happiness, like love, is a need of the soul and the body. It is a means of health and a human right. Its satisfaction makes men and women better citizens, and legitimate inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven, in this or any other world.

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The pursuit of happiness is, however, fatal, as it is fatal in love to love oneself more than the loved one. The first rule for the attainment of happiness is, never to pursue it. We must let it overtake us. The philosopher, in these matters, realizes that to seek is to lose, and to hold is to fetter. The philosopher of happiness waits and listens, in case a call to happiness comes, but he never runs after shadows, nor does he groan at delay. The gods are not merely pitiless, as they sometimes appear to be, in these affairs. They are good organizers and great engineers. What the soul needs for development they send, but in their good time, not ours. To seek happiness is the challenge to destiny of a man who is too much in a hurry to lead a large and harmonious life, which would itself create his destiny. As the old poet, George Chapman, says, "man is his own star." It is we who should rule the stars of destiny. The man who seeks for happiness will have to be content at the best with a compromise. True happiness, like perfect love, makes its way inevitably to its own. What is for us will find us. The laws about these things are as fixed as the laws of gravitation. We need have no fear.

The first condition for happiness is never to seek it. Even the true believer has moments of apparent atheism on this matter. "Do not hurry—have faith," says Edward Carpenter. This should be the text for the philosopher of happiness.

The second condition for the attainment of happiness is an uncrushable sense of humor. A sense of humor is a veritable gift from the gods, and saves the philosophic and the unphilosophic alike from endless pitfalls. It is ludicrous to pant for and to seek what is *not* ours and it is equally ludicrous to waste time in trying to get what is ours for the asking. By the asking I mean literally praying. One naturally inquires as to what sort of prayer? A mean, selfish and self-satisfied, would-be truce with the Infinite in order that we may get our own ends more easily and quickly, is not real prayer. There is no humor in that, and certainly no dignity. It is only drab, pestilential selfishness, and a lack of faith in destiny. In crude words it is "Help *me* to get all *I* want." The only prayer to offer in this matter would be somewhat like this: "Help me to face Life, with happiness or without it, sustain my courage, and make courage

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a daily habit. Save me from self-seeking, but open my eyes that I may see and understand happiness if it should come to me. Put my small will into the larger will and increase my powers of joy. If happiness comes not, give me grace to rejoice with either my brother or my enemy who has received it."

There are a great many people left in the world with puritanism in their blood, and there are others who suffer from, or even cultivate, a sort of spiritual anæmia which is mistaken for goodness. These people are afraid of happiness even while they long for it. They are soldiers of a great gospel, but the uniform is often too tight for a splendid warfare. Happiness has been so wrongly labelled and names are such soul-destroying things. There is nothing to which we give such absurd names as to the things connected with joy. If we are philosophers or even if we are lovers and not philosophers, we know that a fixed name cannot fit two functions or acts, but new names are needed by every individual who functions and acts differently from his neighbor. The spiritually suburban seeker for happiness wants it placed in a six ounce bottle, and carefully labelled "righteous and safe," and warranted not to effervesce. The true mystic knows that joy is a regenerator and a cleanser.

When heaven thinks it is good for us to have happiness it is sent to us in no mean way. When the hour comes, after fasting and prayer, destiny holds out a cup to us, full to the brim, if we have obeyed the conditions. Laxity and compromise must have no quarter. In order to hold the cup, our hands must be steady. The spiritual command is, drink and be satisfied. Now, it is for us to choose whether we will take that cup and drink it, or not. If we refuse happiness when it is handed to us by fate, (and there are definite signs to enable us to know the difference between heaven's gift and earth's gift), we pay as cowards pay. We go hungry and thirsty, and poor and enfeebled, till death calls us to act another part. It needs not only the philosopher and the humorist to accept happiness when it is offered, but the valiant in soul and the pure in heart, for these have flung away the fantastic labels by which tradition and convention rigidly distinguish right things from wrong things. The pure in heart have substituted a living morality for a dead and fossilized

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morality. "We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars," says Vachell. Why so many of us are afraid of happiness is because we think virtue consists in sleeping in the gutter rather than in singing to the stars. Some of us are afraid of not getting happiness and we are equally afraid of accepting it, because we have forgotten that the senses can be as clean as our prayers and as ardent and as purifying as the sun. As much danger may lie in cold calculation as in swift spontaneities in these matters. "Love and do what you like," said St. Augustine. The happiness most people are seeking is that of doing what they like, forgetting that love seeks not its own. Love can redeem anything and everything and never fails. The philosopher of happiness, who realizes happiness as an art, and not as an accident, knows that perfect personal joy is the right of every civilized human being. Charm, abandonment, and all fantastic beauty expressed in song or dance and passionate expressions of all kinds lead us upward and not downward, if we know the philosophy of love as well as the philosophy of happiness. It is at our peril to-day, if we allow ourselves to become anæmic spiritual slugs instead of rollicking children of the Infinite.

Happiness, then, is our right, but we must not seek it, nor must we refuse it. When the cup is handed to us, let us drain it to the dregs. A drop left means so much less power to the drinker. We need have no fear. In Dr. Garnett's wonderful little book on Love, (*De Flagello Myrteo*), he says: "At Love's high feasts there are two cups, one never can be drained, and the other fills itself." He knew the great secret, that a great love is a sacrament, and bread and wine do not fail at the high altar. This brings us to the contemplation of an apparently sad side of this question of happiness. As people of faith, as philosophers, as parents, as humorists, and as scientists and artists, we know that life is often pain to the average person. To some of us, apparently, whether we seek happiness or not, destiny *seems* to offer no cup at all. For these, the philosopher of happiness has a special word. The sufferer may actually be the cup-bearer and so be a special servant of the Infinite. We are too foolish yet to realize whose hand Fate chooses for the

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offering of the cup of happiness to her children. Your sorrow, and my sorrow, unbearable as they may appear to us, may help to mould the cup for another's comfort. Who dare deny that your loss and my loss may help to fill that cup for another, even if that other be our rival or our defamer? It may be our lot to press the very grapes for the wine our rival drinks. This may be a sort of left-handed happiness, but, to the real philosopher, it is happiness, because he knows the "forward ends" of pain, as Hinton so clearly puts it. Many of us groaning and grunting, in spite of all we believe and all we have, can see, as in a map, the reason why we agonize, and why we apparently fail and are desolate in spirit. It is as if on a ship we trust our captain, but that does not save us from seasickness. Those who are training in these matters know that the day is near when from pain and loss happiness can literally be extracted. To save others, is at last as though we had saved ourselves, and thus happiness of a rare and delicate kind is found. And this brings us back to the image of destiny. When once destiny has handed us a fragrant wine, we must drink it to the dregs, and personal happiness is the best foundation for what, by a great spiritual law, follows. It is the gift of the gods and not a devil's poison. If, being wise, we have drunk that cup, and got all the warmth and strength it can give us, and we pause, like happy, tired children, then let us have a care. Our impulse, of course, is to hand back the empty cup for re-filling. This is also good. Destiny nearly always refills the cup. It seems another spiritual law that he that hath shall have more and is a direct challenge to the ascetic who fancies that self-control can only be learnt by renunciation of natural, and joyful, and beautiful things. The cup is refilled, but, before it is taken again, the artist in happiness must be on guard. The second cup is never for the quenching of personal thirst. It has to be handed round. The lover, who has had all the delight of his love, must not remain only absorbed in his rapture. His passionate outgiving is a mere lesson in order to train him later to say with Whitman "I will scatter myself among men and women as I go." The woman who has had all the glories of a passionate surrender, must be prepared to go to the gates of death and hell, in order that new

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life may come into the world. The philosopher who, in the silence of nature, has felt the veil lifted between his soul and the Oversoul, which to him is a personal happiness of a very absorbing kind, must be content to move in and out of crowds, in order to minister to the spiritually deaf and dumb and blind. The poet, living as he does in a realization of infinite harmony, must do the scullery work of the world down to its most sordid details.

If we refuse the first cup of personal happiness, we pay our price. If we accept it, we have to pay heaven's price, and that is, that the second cup, filled to overflowing, shall not only be handed round and drained dry for the good of others, but be handed back again and again to be refilled and emptied for others till death releases us. To everyone who has been personally happy in the fullest sense, there comes at one time or another a voice from heaven about this second draught, this aftermath of happiness. To ignore it is to surrender to the vulgar whine of the sybarite for excess or to the self-love of a mere child of this world. As the second cup is handed to us, it is a challenge from heaven. If we refuse the challenge, our last state is worse than the first. To us, much has been given, and we must not spill or waste the wine or break the cup. Fate's challenge to those of us who have dared to be gloriously happy is to go on being happy in the only way possible. The law is, in this matter, that the personal joy shall lead to the universal succor. We must not haste, but neither must we rest, till everyone in the world has a taste of joy. The only happy person is one who radiates joy even out of personal pain. To be happy is to know a few secrets that the gods whisper in their obedient children's ears.

When I was talking with Edward Carpenter a little while ago about Life and Destiny, he said, with a smile that was almost a sigh, "The whole blessed thing is an obstacle race for happiness." He was right. Most of us have bandages over our eyes, sacks tied round our necks, chains on our feet and hands, or some fettering of our freedom. The world seems a literal school or prison-house, but we must remember that the game of happiness not only is not forbidden but is in the rules of the house, and is always worth while. We must become, not only

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philosophers in studying it, but professional artists in playing it. Few happy people sin, for most so-called sins are subterfuges for joy. The solemnity and absurdity of our crude moralities, the fear of losing ourselves in unrealized possibilities, the cowardice of much so-called purity and the recklessness of much so-called vice handicap us on our way to perfect happiness.

Once we become lovers in the real sense we are safe. The lover is only concerned lest he loses his vision of love, or fails loved ones in their need.

To a few a third cup is sometimes offered, and the personal and the universal alike are forgotten for a moment in the cry "Father, let this cup pass." It is the cup of wormwood, or the sponge with vinegar. It is the chalice of crucifixion, and those who drink from it are the willing saviours of the world. They are despised and rejected of men, men of sorrows and acquainted with grief. They have at last no care for what the world can give or take away. They are free from condemnation and free from personal craving. They have seen the beauty of the whole, and faced death and suffering. The multitude cannot recognize them. They stone them and slay their bodies. The Magdalen and the Judas may call them friends, the little children, simple folk, sinners and animals are their companions.

These people, who have appeared in the world's history at long intervals, have not only "scattered themselves amongst men and women as they go," but they have gladly given their lives for the many. They have always the new truth to deliver, the old one to bury. They are the seers and the prophets of the world, and find their greatest joy in a transference of personal happiness into human succor. They condemn neither the Judas, the Peter, nor the Magdalen. They have passed through the pangs which turn personal joy into universal service. Universal service to these children of God has hitherto implied an acceptance of crucifixion as a gift of the brother who does not yet know of the deeper secrets. They have arrived at the state where life or death is equally worth while because there is something vital to be done in each, either children to be gathered together, men and women to be saved or beauty to be emphasized. Happiness can never be an accident to these chalice

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holders, because the corn, the flowers, the pharisee, the saint, the cross and the mockery of men have their inner meaning to the real prophet of eternal joy.

Hitherto the chalice drinker has been the exception in the world's history. The Christ and the Buddha are the chief examples and men like Gordon and women like Jeanne D'Arc are lesser instances of the need to save others. But there is a distinct change coming with regard to these things. There is a fashion even in spiritual matters. There is a sort of uneasiness creeping over society, the uneasiness which comes upon a man in shabby clothes, the uneasiness which comes over a woman in badly cut ones. The solidarity of the workers and the solidarity of women is suggestive. The happiness of the many is now becoming the imperative demand. The day is not only coming, but is actually here, when to live in luxury while one human creature lacks either bread or joy can only be crucifixion to the spiritual man or the spiritual woman. To be a millionaire will soon be more pitiable than to be a leper, because it implies extortion, the sweat of brothers for mean ends, and the gluttony of one at the expense of many. The seeker for happiness soon finds out the impossibility of real joy on the lines of monopolies in any shape or form. The Christ crucified has ecstasy within, because of the working out of the great truth, that to lose one's life is often to gain it. The poor ignorant human who fancies that happiness consists in piling up gold or wasting it, is to-day enduring a crucifixion of the worst kind, a crucifixion of fear and insecurity. The trend of the age is against his short-sighted ideas of happiness. He is afraid. In a vague way he is terrified of the atmosphere, even in politics, which threatens his unstable possessions. He wants to go on sleeping or wallowing, and the cock crow in a new dawn disturbs him. Ideals spread like epidemics, and the art, not the accident, of happiness is spreading fast. As it is now almost a disgrace to be ill, it will soon be a disgrace to be rich or unhappy, because to-day the only truly happy folk are those who do not care about a happiness which implies only comfort, gain, rest or peace for themselves. This attitude is not because of some craving for an egotistic saintship or a moral superiority over others, which is

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as stupid as the search for any other monopoly, but because while one human being is hungry or lonely, no evolved person can eat in peace or rest in mere personal happiness, any more than they could in their family circle if a sister or a brother were starving or heartbroken.

Happiness is a definite art and not an accident, for it is beyond accident, even beyond analysis. It is an art of the inner life, a result of wise cultivation. It is sometimes bought at a great price, but the payment is well worth while. It is often pain forged into peace, and the personal merged into the universal. Those who have it stand like children before the Eternal, content to hold the hands of Life and Death, knowing that all that happens is meant to form part of a great picture in which we are the colors.

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THE CHURCH AND RELIGIOUS LEADERSHIP

JAMES A. FAIRLEY

"Who helps one man, helps one man. Who speaks the truth, helps mankind."—EMERSON.

THE Church is confronted to-day with a situation that constitutes at once a problem and an opportunity for prophetic leadership. This problem comes to the Church in threefold form as suggested by philosophy, social ethics and personal religious faith. And first, the problem should be considered from the standpoint of philosophical thought.

The Deism of the eighteenth century postulated as objects of thought God, Nature, Man. Kant, having explored with great thoroughness all the departments of the human reason, found man incapable through reason alone of knowing God. If known at all, God must be known through the practical reason, or the categorical imperative of the moral consciousness. Later philosophy in Germany and America has attempted to bridge the chasm between the human and divine. The idealists have proven to their own satisfaction a spiritual universe of pure thought. One absolute consciousness locks the entire creation in one timeless embrace. All human thought and activity are known to the Eternal mind, indeed have their being because known by His thought.

Such a philosophy of the world and man has one appealing hold on thinking men. They find themselves freed from the agnosticism of the neo-Kantians, human thought and activity are no longer the flotsam and jetsam of relativity, and the entire universe is reduced to an all-comprehending unity. But this philosophy, at least in its entirety, has failed wholly to convince. We live in a growing universe. Time has been felt to be real even before Bergson's convincing demonstration. Growth and time have burst the more or less mechanical bonds of philosophical idealism and have challenged thought not only to explain them, but they have compelled philosophy to adjust itself to

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their insistent demands. Hence pragmatism has arisen, tangential to philosophic idealism, and flies to the conclusion that truth is manufactured out of experience. It is the machine that is found to work. A necessary corrective to idealism, it yet fails to satisfy. The mind still asks, "Is the Truth true because it works, or does it work because it is true?" The old conundrum is pertinent, which asks, "What was the largest island in the world before Australia was discovered?" Answer, "Australia." There is the conviction which will not down that man is a discoverer not a creator of truth. The Church has presented to it the opportunity of leadership in constructing a synthesis in the deeper thought of our time. What if man is both a discoverer and a creator? and if the spiritual creation is not complete until man by his discovery finds and uses it? Of course the easy retort to all this is, "Why split hairs about these immaterial questions? Tell us of things practical." I venture the reply that organized religion will never lead this or any other age unless and until it meets the challenge of the most thoughtful minds among its desired constituents. Professor Eucken quotes Hegel as saying that a nation without metaphysics is like a temple decked out with every kind of ornament, but possessing no Holy of Holies.

The Church will not therefore have fulfilled its function of religious leadership unless it meets the challenge of philosophy and metaphysics.

Further results of the trend of modern thinking may be seen in the attempt on all sides to reduce the totality of things to an all-comprehending unity. Nothing is unrelated. Cause and effect are everywhere connected. The Reign of Law is universal. The universe is no longer thought of as a threefold affair, God, Man, Nature. The idealists have rendered us this great service. God's thought and man's thought are not in two separate realms, brought together by a miraculous revelation, or forever parted as in Kant and his followers. Man's thought is reasonable. By means of logical thinking we are enabled to reach common conclusions in science and mathematics and live together in reasonably ordered social groups. This fact of intellectual unity gives to the Churches a possibility of leadership. The old

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need of defending the authenticity of revelation and the truth of inspiration ought no longer to be felt. Let the Church and its leaders be frank in discarding outworn phraseology which no longer expresses the modern thought. Religious truth must be stated in these new terms, and God and His revelations must be found in the normal human experiences, if the Church is to assume leadership of thoughtful men and women.

But it must be confessed that this very conviction of unity which has so powerfully gripped the modern thinking world has brought new problems to religion and the Church. These can be clearly understood only by bringing into the field of our survey facts of the scientific and social world. For of course it cannot be overlooked that the unity which has come to the world's thought is not always apprehended as a unity of mind or spirit, but rather of matter, a materialistic monism. Such a conception of the world results in complete determinism. Man is a mere automaton, the universe is without intelligent or intelligible purpose. Moved by blind forces it goes on for a cycle of years, finds a new distribution of its component parts in some mighty cataclysm, in which man and all his works are destroyed permanently; and then it starts again on some ceaseless and senseless round, builds once more its card-house, to be shattered in its turn. All the works of man are rubbed out like sums from the blackboard. The treasures of art, science, literature and architecture fade away, and there is not even a memory of them left. For the only consciousness in existence is the human consciousness. That has existence only as the manifestation of a physical organism. When men's bodies die, all their treasures go, even from thought and memory, and "leave not a wrack behind." The incessant toil of affection and intellect, the building up of mighty civilizations, the patient achievement of centuries, all fade into dust and nothingness.

What has religious philosophy to say to this? Certainly here is a challenge to the Church as an organized body of religious people which it cannot refuse to meet. For the challenge constitutes in itself a magnificent opportunity. It may be said in passing, that even among the scientists themselves, there is already a marked divergence from orthodox Darwinism.

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Into these matters a layman may not venture far, except to note that there is a very decided swing, notably in botany, toward recognition of a greater degree of spontaneity in plant life, indicating, it may be, the presence of a vital force which is more and other than the mere resultant of chemical forces at work among atoms and molecules.

Of interest in passing, too, is the latest news from the chemical world, indicating the gradual giving up of the atomic theory, with fixed and unchanging elements, and the newer definition of matter in terms of energy.

But to the man of religion, interest lies in the sphere of consciousness, rather than in that of material science. Whence came science? How has the scientist made his discovery that the universe is material, and that mind is absolutely dependent on it? On what ground of vantage has he stood to view the "kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," that he has been able to construct his materialistic cosmogony? Through what bifocal lens has he peered upon nature and man, that he can say, not only that they are all of one, but that they are all and altogether physical and material? Of what stuff are judgments made? What is intelligence? Who ever saw it? Would that some skilful surgeon might perform such an operation of trepanning that it would be possible to follow with the microscope every motion of every brain cell during the most elaborate scientific or philosophical mental processes of an Edison or a Bergson, that some X-ray picture of such function might be taken! What impression would be conveyed to the consciousness of the beholder? Or would an autopsy reveal the personality of a man, as he lives in the memory and affections of his generation? Material science when it invades the realm of religion and philosophy forgets its ancestry. Science is knowledge. Knowledge is the functioning of personality. Every man in his investigations of the physical world starts with himself, and that mysterious spiritual somewhat that we call consciousness. To repudiate that, to affirm dogmatically that it is so far the product of material forces as to be entirely dependent on them for its existence, and so to bring it into subordination to them, is surely as presumptuous as it is unscientific.

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Here then is a wide door open to the Church and its leaders. Man is still the measure of all things. At least nothing in all the universe of time and space can be known except as he brings his conscious, self-knowing personality to bear upon it. Physical science so startles us with its daily, almost hourly miracles that we are fain to think of it as of some self-existent entity. The religious prophet sees rather the astounding spectacle of the human spirit, growing *pari passu* with the expanding universe, the two together giving him the grandest conception the world has yet had of the Infinite and Eternal Jehovah.

But the unrest of our time is far more ethical and social than it is intellectual. And yet there is a social philosophy that must be reckoned with. Here again the trend toward unity is most marked. There is, for example, the philosophy of economic determinism, which in its orthodox form is materialistic, and postulates a world order in which men, individuals, nations and races, are forever seeking better, i. e., easier, economic conditions. If these can be found, and equitably distributed, human happiness is attained by all in the socialistic State. Here is an attempt at a world philosophy which distinctly makes man subordinate and subject to his environment. As a philosophy it has all the faults inherent in scientific materialism. Men are but so many plants in a garden. At present they have not room enough. Give them room to breathe, time to enjoy themselves and more to eat, and with proper education they straightway develop into fine spiritual personalities.

Such a philosophy finds its easiest refutation in its own apostles. They are very often the finest specimens of intelligent, free, spiritual, self-sacrificing men and women. They reveal in their lives the deep truth of religion that the life is more than meat; that the soul is inward, character is development through struggle to mastery of life. This philosophy also finds its refutation in the aims of its adherents for their fellows. They are working for shorter hours and better wages, not merely that men and women may have more to eat and more time to grow; but that they may have what is given to the more favored classes, opportunity to become men and women, to de-

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velop their spiritual characters, to save their souls from the sordidness of routine, unintellectual work.

It is the ethical phase of the industrial problem which brings its most insistent challenge to the forces of organized religion. The charge is made by many of the industrial workers, not so much that the Church does not understand the philosophy of socialism, as that it is not finely and acutely sensitive to the ethics of the situation. Many Churches and their leaders are doing noble work in trying to give the working people better food, better clothes and better education. But they have not yet grappled with the ethical problems involved. Social reformers have a right, society has the right to expect that men of religion shall be the sensitive ethical scouts who, in advance of the rest, shall detect the unethical maladjustments of the social order, and shall be prophetic in their proclamations. If the Church has failed in this, it is probably because it has been too slow in orientating itself in the new order, and in discovering that all ethics is social, that no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth alone. For while both philosophy and science have slowly reached the conclusion that God, man and nature are bound together in one vast unity, neither has found itself fully able to see the inevitable conclusion, that God expresses himself in the totality of human society. Divine Right dies hard, and after it has been dislodged from kings, takes up its abode in races, nations, classes. But slowly we are coming to see that advanced individuals are but outposts of the social order, who are where they are because other men have gone almost to the point they have reached. Plato has his Socrates, Darwin has his Wallace, even Jesus had his John the Baptist. The solidarity of the race is its great prophetic starting point. No man ever created a dollar of wealth alone. Wealth involves value, and only as there is a market, i. e., a demand for it, does any commodity have value. What then shall be said of the ethics of the unearned increment of land values, of all the other unearned increments of watered stock, of inherited fortunes, of incomes totally unrelated to any service rendered to society on the part of the recipients? To probe deeper, what shall the religious prophet say of a social order organized about industrial capital-

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ism—that is to say, of a social order which feeds, clothes and houses its children for profits? And what are some of the fruits of this industrial order? On the one hand the concentration in the hands of a dozen men of wealth, the influence of which in prices and general direction of industry reaches to every man, woman and child in the country, these men meanwhile constituting an oligarchy responsible to no one but themselves. On the other hand a situation which the most careful conservative investigators lay at the door of our industrial system, 26,000 women in New York City alone, selling their bodies to support themselves and the society which has refused to let them gain a decent living in other ways. And so as the vision of their ruined lives rises before us, we are reminded of those missionary enthusiasts of an earlier day, who to the tick of the watch reminded us that moment by moment heathen souls were "going down to Christless and hopeless graves." For if there are 26,000 in New York City, 5,000 of them go down to death every year—if this is true in one city in our country, compute for yourselves the appalling total for the entire nation, to say nothing of the rest of the civilized world. We are reminded, too, of those grim words of the great Teacher, "Fear not them who kill the body and are not able to kill the soul, but fear him who after he has killed the body hath power to destroy both soul and body in hell."

If it be true, or only partly true, that these conditions are the legitimate outcome of "business for profits," then indeed here is a call to the Church and its leaders to exercise their function of prophetic leadership. The axe must be laid to the root of the tree. Here is no question of free luncheons, free reading rooms, or even of large welfare work, good as all these may be in their way. The ethics of the whole social order is under scrutiny. Here is work for the religious prophet, "cry aloud, spare not."

From all this it is clear that the Church does not need to adopt any philosophy of economic determinism in order to be a valiant preacher of social ethics. While it may not be true that environment is wholly determinative of character, it is incontestable that it is often a very largely controlling influence. And

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wholly regardless of any philosophy of the social movement, the Church can ill afford to lose from its membership and working force those men and women who, more than any other class in our generation, feel laid upon them the responsibility of an apostolic mission.

There is still another phase of modern unrest which summons the Church to its prophetic leadership. I refer to the unrest which is not on the surface, which often does not make itself known except to intimate friends. It is due to a profound doubt of the universe. Many a man and woman to-day among our choicest spirits is a pessimist. This does not mean that such people carry a long face and are fault finders. On the contrary they are often the very reverse. But their lives at heart are tinged with melancholy, because they have heard the "still sad music of humanity," and have no philosophy or religious faith which gives them anything like a rational explanation of their own deepest selves in their relation to the world of things and people. Neither purpose nor goodness appears to them in nature.

In so far as such pessimism is not merely personal or temperamental, it is quite likely to be associated with, if not due to, a philosophy of determinism. It is part of an attitude toward life which regards the individual as too atomic to have any standing in the universe. What is man that God should be mindful of him, or the son of man that He should visit him? Any thought of the world-order as meaningless, that is, unintelligent and unintelligible, the working out of blind law, must in the long run breed pessimism in sensitive souls. Such a scheme of the universe is deadening to the human intellect, and finally to human activity. Any scheme of society which cramps and fetters human freedom brings the same result. It is no wonder that men like Nietzsche arise to preach individual liberty and individual advancement even at the expense of those who must go down as the individual rises. It is no wonder that librarians find that books about Napoleon are more called for than any others. For he is the standing illustration of what sheer force of will and intellect can accomplish. Small wonder that in an age of mechanistic philosophy a man like Bergson should appear

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to preach the truth of the freedom of the human spirit. For this is one of the great messages of the religious prophet. Men will not for long admit that they are not free. In an age of materialistic determinism, the opportunity of the Church is great. Personality is the great word in religion. The worth of the human spirit is its great theme. The sin of our age or of any other is the wrecking of the human spirit. This is why the social question lays at the door of the Church at once its challenge and opportunity. The Church must take account of it, not that it may become a "judge and a divider" over men in questions of wages and hours, but because in the fearful mill of our industry-for-profits, men, women and children are being ground to pieces, not merely in their bodies but in their souls. What shall it profit a man, or a social order, if he or it shall gain the whole world of material things, and lose his or its own soul in the process? Religion stands for the things of the spirit. Its prophetic message is to the souls of men. It summons them to a sense of their spiritual reality, and to their own worth. It stands or should stand as the prophetic voice to demand that all subordination of men and women to gain should cease. Its message is to that latent nobility in men, especially the young, which responds to the call for heroism. It should be quick to detect in our social practices all that tends to make men swerve from their ideals for merely utilitarian or profitable ends. Nothing so quickly tends to destroy men's souls as to stoop for their own sake or for that of an employer or patron from the erect posture of integrity. The Church, if it is to be effective in its message to our age, must itself be free from every taint of subserviency, from every suspicion of insincerity in creed or ritual or social attitude.

Our age needs the Church. It needs religion. It needs more and more to be assured by prophets who speak out of the conviction of profound experience that the human soul is divine, of divine possibilities, a divine destiny; that the spirit of man is free, or may achieve freedom; that anything in the social order which enslaves the spirit, aye, even if it be the very structure of the social order itself, must give way.

Finally, the Church and its prophets have the right to pro-

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claim that the human spirit, and not the mechanical order of things, is the key to the true interpretation of life. Man's intellect has given him the science of the universe. He has that science only because he is an intelligent personality. Moreover he lives in a moral social order in which he holds himself and his fellows responsible for their acts. Morality he feels to be inward and free. Without freedom there is no morality, no duty. Out of the freedom of his spirit he expresses himself in his work, in art, literature and social affection. In these relations of his free spirit he achieves his character and his happiness or well-being. Furthermore, in the freedom of his spirit, experienced in his life relations, he enters into that deepest of all insights, wherein he finds his kinship with the free spirit of the universe. He enters into the fulfilment of the destiny of which Paul speaks, when he says that the whole creation waits for the revealing of the sons of God. From the depths of his experience, either as he finds it in himself or sees it expressed in other lives, he finds a philosophy of life.

It was no mere chance that led the early Church to give as their full name of the Deity "God and the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Their religious insight showed them that God could not be less than the highest of His manifestations of Himself in human life. He was not merely God and Father, but typed by the very best. The same profound insight is reflected in the words of Jesus when he said, "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in Heaven give good things to those who ask Him." Grandeur is nigh our dust, God is near to man. The infinite is manifest in that "last full measure of devotion" which can be seen on every side. Many a fireman, many a policeman, many a man working among his fellows, many a scientific student, nearly every mother, men and women in every department of life, do not hesitate, at the call of duty and affection, to give all that they possess in the world, i. e., themselves, in "that last full measure of devotion." Such living is infinite in quality and direction, if not in extent, and constitutes the great apologetic of the Church.

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"A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
The million who, humble and nameless,
The strait, hard pathway trod,
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God."

* * *

"The old order changeth,
Yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

It is this new and changing order which brings its challenge and presents to the Church its threefold opportunity for prophetic leadership. First to stand firmly on the ground that man is the measure of all things; it is only from the vantage ground of his spiritual personality that science can achieve any of its victories. Proud of all man's mental conquests, let the Church boldly proclaim him, not as a mere puppet of material forces, but as a being of godlike possibilities, heir of a divine inheritance, and of eternal destiny.

With this estimate of his powers and possibilities the Church cannot and will not remain silent in the presence of an industrial situation which has allowed men and women and children to be used as pawns in the game for profits; but with a vision of the democracy of God, and the mutual and necessary interdependence of all classes and races of men, will proclaim and work for an order of society which shall give to all the opportunity to come into their inheritance as sons of the living God.

And lastly, her prophetic message will ring out to all men: "Freed from bondage of body and material serfdom, it is yours to win for yourselves victory over the world through fidelity to your chosen vocation."

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THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART

An Impression

W. D. MacColl

"HERE, from the incomplete, halting methods of Cézanne, there has flowed out of Paris into Germany, Russia, England, and to some slight extent the United States, a gospel of stupid license and self-assertion which would have been swept into the rubbish-heap were it not for the timidity of our mental habit. When the stuff is rebuked as it should be, the Post-Impressionist impresarios and fuglemen insolently proffer us a farrago of super-subtle rhetoric. The farce will end when people look at Post-Impressionist pictures as Mr. Sargent looked at those shown in London, 'absolutely skeptical as to their having any claim whatever to being works of art.'"*

I do not propose to answer Mr. Cortissoz's critique in detail, but to contrast with it quite frankly my own impression of what I would call the Post-Impressionist *reality* as it was brought before us in the International Exhibition of Modern Art. It may be true that there are "Post-Impressionist impresarios and fuglemen." Nevertheless we cannot rest our opinion of the meaning of an art movement that has flowed out over two continents either, on the one hand, on the example even of a "master like Sargent," as Mr. Cortissoz elsewhere refers to him, or on the other hand on the example of impresarios. "The great art of criticism," as Arnold remarks in one of his essays, "is to get oneself out of the way and to let humanity decide." That is a better touchstone.

My own impression, and that of an increasing number of persons, is that among modern painters a certain number, including certain of the so-called Post-Impressionists, achieve the first place by the force of a pure native power that is in them. But that is not all. It is not simply their power, but a certain

* *The Post-Impressionist Illusion,* by Royal Cortissoz. *The Century Magazine,* April, 1913.

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charm also which is in their work that attracts us. The quality of greatness in them, we feel, is not strained. They lead us with ease into great subjects; and they enter as unaffectedly into our consciousness of what is beautiful as any of those revelations which come to us only through our instincts. We feel, in fact, that we have nothing to compare with them at the moment of their making their effect upon us. Or, to adopt another way of speaking, the appeal which they make is so direct and so personal that it removes life to another court by referring it not to any past experience of life, but exactly to a sense, a recognition of new life, new art. They give us something that was not in our life, that was not in the art of painting before, and it appeals to us with all the power and the charm of a quickened consciousness of the value and meaning of life itself.

For after all what is art to us if it is only a Name, if it is only a formula or a precedent? or art criticism if it is only an analysis, the fight over a name? Art we feel is a symbol, however impoverished, of life, and life is more than any analysis. It is also an instinct and a gift; an infinite procession of facts, analyzable or not; an elixir which first manifests itself in our affection (in our being affected by it), and from there spreads and delivers its message through the whole harmony or otherwise of our existence. The critic is called in only after the event; and the critic who rests in an "absolute scepticism" of the meaning or value of life, in whatever guise it appears, is as valueless surely as a doctor who refuses to take up the case of a patient.

There is another way of regarding the qualities of power and charm which the work of these men symbolizes. Their power lies in a spontaneity of action that does disrupt and change for us the former aspect of the world, together with a spiritual grace, a harmony, that links all things together again. The world has remained the same yet not the same: we have changed. There is no more beauty now than there was before; but there has been a quickening. It is this *quickening,* this sense of change into something rich and strange, which we feel as beauty, as life; and whenever any object whether it be Named good or bad (according to the consciousness of the ugly or of

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the beautiful in other persons) becomes expressive to *us* of that, it is probable that we may and that we will act out all our spiritual desire toward it. That doubtless is what Mr. Cortissoz too means when he speaks of arousing himself from a "timidity of mental habit." But he is aroused by the consciousness of something that, as his whole essay is intended to portray, is "coarse and unlovely" to him. With such a starting-point the resultant can be guessed at. By comparison, however, with the works of such men, our real "fuglemen," ancient or modern, all later or "lesser" paintings suffer, because they will seem to us to imitate the style (the manner and not the spirit) or to refresh the memory (the reason and not the basic affection) of the effect first made upon us, and afterwards sustained, by such earliest, such purest and most spontaneous impressions. All others are like echo, which is fainter than the voice, or like remembrance, which is paler than passion.

Now this is exactly what I experienced in the International Exhibition of Modern Art when I turned from the works of Gaugin hanging on one wall to the work of Augustus John on the opposite wall with his large canvas *Going Down to the Sea.* Beautiful, suave, rhythmic as John's picture was, for me it awakened only memory, not passion, the orderly processes of reason without the spontaneous gift or symbol of life. The style or manner of John's painting reminded me of Ary Scheffer, of Puvis de Chavannes, of a dozen other painters, all fine too, and that in itself is an artistic achievement; but beyond that I was not sure what John's picture meant to me, or what sensation of life it was intended to give me. My emotion therefore was distracted; my thoughts were not carried on the wings of any rich or strange change. There was nothing new in my life through having seen this picture. It had not for me the force of a more direct, more personal appeal to life: *more* love and more life. It is probable, however, that others might feel that for them it had been a new experience, an *Erklärung,* and would feel grateful for it in consequence. Everything in the world doubtless has its basis in somebody's affection.

In turning, however, to Matisse's portrait close by, called *Le Madras Rouge,* before I had made any analysis of its color,

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style, or composition, I found the rhythms of my brain and heart themselves phrasing the words upon my lips: "How terse, how vigorous, how——!" (Where do such words come from?) Or in passing into the next room, behold! Cézanne's pictures are hanging on the walls. How quickly, how easily he takes possession of me. Such rich and deep poetical affection for his subject conquers me. I fall at once into a reverie of musical dreams. And he is without the slightest affectation. Why should I have any? There is none in my gratitude. His color (I say, with all due apology to Mr. Cortissoz) is like a well-tuned instrument playing itself. There are no mock heroics here.

And yet, as judged by these pictures in the International Exhibition, Cézanne's intensity, his great force and unchangeableness of purpose as a man and as a painter, are not so apparent. I receive a far profounder impression of those very qualities in a *Still Life* by Manet, whom, nevertheless, we all accept to-day. When the subject is tragic Cézanne seems merely to suggest it to you and leaves it there. I feel a note of sadness, of meditation in his work. But in the swaying rhythms of his trees and plains in the dreaming landscape he seems to me what I had not realized so clearly before, so far from being strange, uncouth or "eccentric" that he fits quite simply and naturally into a splendid vision of the progress of art which he himself projects before me. It is almost as if he were saying: You see I am nothing but a Barbizon of a later day, loving the same country, yet holding myself to a certain classic simplicity in my appreciation of it.

That is the classic tradition which we believe Cézanne has found, and it comes to us with the scent and freshness of the wind, outvoicing all those fetichistic mumblings of the leaves among the trees. It is the reassurance of what so "drearily" had been forgotten and neglected:

> "the never-ending audacity of elected persons"

that Whitman speaks of, "masters" this and that in painting or in aught else. For a moment the machinery of art has melted away, the sorcery of spotted light and broken color has been

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set aside, and lo! Intuition, the strange shy goddess, has been found again in a new raiment, smiling but not mincing, admiring herself in a new landscape of the world. It is a return to nature, a return especially to something of that Arcadian simplicity which is always in the morning of the world's loves. "*Je reste,*" Cézanne said, not the master, but, exactly, "*le primitif de la voie que j'ai découverte.*" "O queen that lovest Golgi, and Idalium, and the steep of Eryx, O Aphrodite, that playest with gold, lo, from the stream eternal of Acheron they have brought back to thee Adonis—even in the twelfth month they have brought him, the dainty-footed hours."

In the whole exhibition, however, none was lovelier to me than Gaugin. He too spreads with ease again his splendid fruitfulness over his whole canvas. He has the force and romantic passion of a painter like Courbet; and how carefully guarded and exalted it is. His pictures are not unlike his descriptions in Noa-Noa. The fire, the sombre beauty, the passion of the Tahitian forest are there. In *Sous les Palmiers* we get its full deep solitude; in *Faa Iheihe* it has become a decorative panel worthy of a doge's palace; in two other large canvases it is a *Still Life* beyond comparison rich, removed, final. All the wealth of the great Venetians, I feel, is here without any lowering of their temper and with how much more of our present day humanity. His art is subtle in a manner which appeals to us more to-day,—with less of visual, more of tangible or tactual reality: it is more plastic. He gives us actual portraiture; he is a traveller in those real lands of the mind's eye. And finally, you do not know till you have looked into it what glowing deeps his passion has led you safely past.

Matisse does the same. His range simply is not so large. He loves in silence. He, too, leaves it to you. All life and art does that, save "lawyercraft and soldiercraft."

The Van Gogh collection of pictures was disappointing like the rest, not on account of the pictures themselves, but because **their range and selection was so limited. One would have to** see some of his wonderful human portraiture,—the *Le Berceuse,* for instance,—to know the best that he is capable of; and in the life of an artist from an artist's viewpoint, the strength

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of a man's whole chain of life is measurable not by its weaker links (that is for the life of the world), but by its strongest, by bringing all the others to the test of the most excellent in him. And yet what cataracts of color lay there, like sounds swept from the storm of his emotion in the face of life and of nature. He recalls to me the spirit of Rembrandt. Indeed he is as thoroughly and typically Dutch as Rembrandt or as Ruysdael were, and far more passionately so than Mauve or Maris is to-day. And he too like Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, though a mighty man of valor, was yet—a leper! Mr. Cortissoz reminded me of that terrible story in the Second Book of Kings by reminding his reader that Van Gogh cut off his ear with a razor and sent it in a letter, and then *died insane!* If we can,—if we will,—if our sense of duty to humanity and to the art of painting will allow us, we may, I think, imagine him instead intoxicating himself with the extraordinary, the revolutionary and revolutionizing joy of color that throbbed like wine in his veins. Even the gowns and bonnets of our womenkind to-day are embellished with the colors to which these men, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gaugin gave life. How is it that, with the living evidences of their influence on every hand and flowing "out of Paris into Germany, Russia, England, and to some slight extent the United States," our critics are unable to discern any part of humanity in their art?

Color is everywhere. We do not need to look for it on the walls of an exhibition. And everywhere, perhaps, it is subserving different ends, clothing with life the different forms and aspects of life. And that perhaps is why we do look and also why we distinguish according to our bent or our necessity. If we turn to our own painters we cannot fail to notice that Prendergast possesses an almost unexampled use of it. That is his distinction. Another painter like George Bellows uses it, when I have analyzed my emotion before it, for the sake of a brief word, an exclamation. "God! it was fine!" he seems to me to say of a polo match; and as a result we get a first hand note, a fleeting glimpse of but one incident in a whole game which is itself but one incident in the whole of life. Would not an ably written newspaper account have told us more? And what then?

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And would not some really substantial "seafood" nourish us better than one of Mr. Chase's faithful illusions?

What endless patterns we see on every side! art, like life, drawing from every source, a world full, like this or that in every day; and behind everyone a thought, a man or a woman. I notice in brief the Frenchmen Friescz, Redon, Signac, and the Spaniard Cardoza; dainty Charles Conder; the Irish group; that temperamentalist in many styles, August John; Samuel Halpert's fine gray still life; Hassam,—Hassam's paintings never fail to catch the eye like a fine dress, a specious countenance, for a brief moment only,—all is on the surface; you must go back to his very earliest and last genuine work to escape the fashionable and the trite. Arthur B. Davies's classic and virginal dreams bespeak not the eye only but the mind. Robust, vigorous and clean nudes descend upon us from the walls,—quite photographic in their faithfulness to life: yet I hear some one near me murmur, "Some more Futurist!" Again, a breath of tropic life, a sense of burning nostrils under cool banana fronds, a village hut; and the splendid classic vigor of Puvis de Chavannes' drawings,—for one cannot speak of all: only all can do that.

There is Albert Ryder who, they say, paints like an "old master"; and Henri Rousseau—who as assuredly paints like a new one. For even in his "tight" and limited way he is no more limited than others are in their ways, and in his own way how much more expressive he is, not fearing to attempt and to express something which no one else expresses or attempts. His cow in the deep pasture, with all its countable flowers about it, made me feel as if I were a child lying in the grass half wondering, half frightened beside it. And if this be "insolence," how gladly I will pay my respects to Henri Rousseau and to little children for the curious and delightful sensation of insolence. Or if we choose, we may pass at a bound from childhood to adulthood in passing to Glackens' *Family Group,* or Henri's fleshly nude! And what have we gained? From Mr. Glackens a mannerism in the style of Renoir instead of in the style of Monet, of Velasquez, of Goya, or of Sargent to which others

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have accustomed us; and from Robert Henri a nude model dancing on one foot. But the movement of the dance is arrested,—therefore it is no dance; the mere Illusion of paint can never be mistaken for the Reality of the flesh; and the dancing of the spirit before the flesh is not there. Maurer, Halpert, Dasberg, Post-Impressionists though they are, take us at once into a soberer atmosphere. Something of reticence, with poetry and force, a spiritual quality, looks out of their work. They make you touch the motions of their spirit before what they have seen, not simply its flesh.

When we turn to the drawings, it is the same thing: the Frenchmen—Segonzac, Bonnard, Maurice Denis—again lead. We have passed into a land of dreams, where all is light, keen, decisive but unhurried. Color is no longer simply "pigment" as Mr. Cortissoz speaks of it and as our fashionables use it. It is a voice dyed with meaning, with imagery, and with a kind of magic sentiment. There is a sense of harmony, of rich purpose, and of invention; the beautiful French intellectual quality of grace, ease, precision; of good,—nay, of the most exacting workmanship; and a refined and subtle play of thought, which at one moment can be like a quiver of light, at another like a perfume around its object. Only the essences of things have place here. With great freedom of invention there is always lucidity. They seem to insist on a certain beauty of life, a certain intellectual emancipation from what the rest of the world still tolerates. The purely material aspect of things has no place in their art: passing through the alembic of their mind it comes out a product of their culture. It has knowledge, grace, order, even when it adds nimbleness and wit. These give it a spirituality, a charm and a dignity, a quiet strength, that release us at once from that bondage of *was uns alle bändigt, Das Gemeine!*

Concerning the sculpture, Gaugin's characteristic figure carved in a block of wood, and Brancusi's rather feeble little plaster cast reproduction of a portion of his enormous and splendid looking *Le Baiser* (reproduced in a photograph placed beside the cast, and consisting of two figures seated on a vast pedestal embracing one another) seemed to me the best examples

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of all that the invasion of sculpture by the new movement in painting may mean.

This "new" sculpture like this "new" painting has for a moment infused a "new" life,—I mean simply, as before, a more present and personal meaning into art. It compels us to recognize "new" and living personalities in the world about us. Is that not enough distinction for any art? I find moreover that, like everything "new" perhaps, while it may not personify a perfectly recognizable abstraction of somebody else's mind (after the approved manner of all schools and tribunes) yet it does apparently abstract a personification of something in the artist's own mind. The artist has dared to have an opinion of his own. But as we are already supposed to value that priceless possession, his crime, I can only think, must lie in the fact that his opinion involves a certain amount of disturbance, or the fear of disturbance, to those who, like Mr. Cortissoz, can neither receive it nor let it alone. *That is,* perhaps, what this new art is doing for us. But it is also what life is always doing for us, is it not? In any case, it is ours, it is of to-day. There ought to be some way of understanding it, of discovering what it is saying to us, of what is real as well as what is illusionary in it. I propose to look a moment therefore into this matter of abstractions and personifications, of illusions and of realities, to see what "right" or "wrong" there be in it to startle anyone out of a mental habit. We are told that this new art is "abstract" and that the explanations of it are "supersubtle." Let us see if we can reduce the abstract to the concrete and the supersubtle to the superplain.

An abstraction, I find in my dictionary, is "the name of a quality apart from the thing," and a quality is "that which makes a thing what it is." From which I infer that an abstraction is "the name of 'that which makes a thing what it is' *apart* from what it is,"—it is the name of that which makes a thing what it is Not what it is. It is a name: it is Not the thing. How really well established and settled in practice this is. And when we want to personify—quite a different matter—one of these names of things which will make, as we think, a thing what it is Not what it is, when we really feel that we dare to

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call one of them from the vasty deep in which they abound, it is quite true: we must arouse ourselves from our timidities of mental habit; we must make a movement of our lips—a pass of our hands or feet. Men see that there has been a quickening. The name has become the thing. It has become what it is. IT is IT, and everyone else is a believer or an unbeliever.

We want to *personify* Wrong? we bear witness against our neighbor; or Public Opinion? we state our own; or Justice? we make a figure with a drawn sword, a book, or scales in its hands, place it in the pediment of a tall building, in the Academy, or in a book—and smile securely! There it stands to all time; IT is justice, and has become—stone, paint, paper. It is what it is. It is Nothing (no thing) as both the master (the emancipator) and the sceptic will tell you, because it is a Name. It is your name and your personification of the name; that is quite true. But unfortunately it has been decreed that even you must take yourself out of the way again to let life, "to let humanity decide." Life, like a wave beating on the shore, recoils upon your name, wearing down its paint, its paper and its stoniness, until it may be borne in even upon you that all this juggling, all this mouthing and sleight of hand, is perishable. NAME, the unspeakable alone survives. Life is a quicksilver current on which names are running through you and past you forever. Like a bud unfolding itself truth is unfolding itself in all things. The name, the Illusion, dies in order that the Reality, life, may become quickened. *This* is humanity's goal. This apparently is what it is deciding.

All this is only to say that there is no more "license," or "stupidity," or "self-assertion" in Brancussi or in Lehmbruck than in Rodin; in Picabia than in Cézanne or in Bellows; in Debussy than in Wagner or in Brahms. We see the same contrasts in daily life. Mr. Cortissoz himself furnishes one among critics. We have furnished an example of it to the whole world in our politics. Why not in art?—which has its "masters," and its "followers," its "demagogues," its "fashionables," its "athletes," its "primitives" and even its impresarios. To all good people is given the power to name everything. Alas! not to

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personify—everything. The Frenchmen with their culture and their keen intellectual perceptions are always seeing such contrasts a little before the rest of the world. It gives sympathy and understanding to all that their minds encounter,—a keen edge to their consciousness and *therefore* to their art.

If we apply such a test to modern life, we may be rewarded with the discovery of some of its realities placed over against its many illusions. Even in some of those puzzle pictures of Henri Matisse, like the *Jeune Marin* or *Les Capucines* or *Les Poissons,* we may find something of reality, of life. His color is not ugly, as so many suppose. Quite the contrary. It is a bigotry of form and of color formula only which makes us think so. But it is a bigotry which Matisse quite deliberately and unhesitatingly undoes; for he gives form to color, even though he refuses to lend color to what some one else probably considers form—even good form. He seems to be exercising himself with lines, colors, patterns in a purely decorative way. Perhaps he too is tired of all this outcry about art or about life, what it should be and what it should not be and *what it is!* tired of this great big blundering machine called painting which seems sometimes to go rioting in a blaze of color through the world like a megatherium still wallowing in the ooze of some primeval mud,—where he finds its bones, dried and desiccated, and slumbering; and puts them together again like a scientist in his laboratory. Or he may be refreshing himself from more serious efforts,—like one trailing the thin lines left by a lizard's tail on the desert sand before the sun goes down.

"They are a joke," I hear some one remark in the gaping throng. But why so distressed about it? I feel inclined to answer. Would it really be the first joke you had seen in painting? and these are at least a good joke, are they not? Why not discriminate even in "jokes"? His pictures have a very refined beauty of color, if you can forget that the destiny of color is not simply to make a piece of paint look like a piece of fish, or like a piece of flesh, or like a piece of fashion; like a boxing match, or like a snow-scene, or like a lady caught without her clothes or showing herself off in furs. His color is simply instrumental to the design which *he* has in mind; and I find in

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it something fluid and rhythmical, a kind of musical mechanism almost, and in a measure eclectic—the invention perhaps of an ascetic mind. Yet on the other hand a little *Still Life* by him is very broadly and plastically conceived; and there is the portrait of his wife!

His mannerisms in any case are not mere affectation: they are *his* style, his meaning. If he hasn't quite the warmth or passion of invention which a more dramatic instinct would have provided, he has unquestionably at all events grace, dignity and repose. I feel that we get some measure of his reaction to life by noting this, that he is always at ease with himself and with his subject, careful, never flustered. And there is nothing petty or snobbish about his work. What a relief that is! It may at times lean to pedantry; it is an intellectual art, and that of course is the strange thing to find in art to-day.

Again on its constructive side, as workmanship, as method, I received a more direct and spontaneous pleasure I believe from *La Coiffeuse* as a piece of drawing, of architectonic in paint, than from any other picture in the exhibition. The Cubists too claim that they use architectonics; but in some of them at least it is so very obvious, and that is the difference. In Matisse nothing is really obvious. Yet all through his pictures you get the most logical, sometimes the most exquisite relationship of values, of sheer and pure insistence on his meaning,—with no very obvious story to tell perhaps, but by his manner, his style, putting *you* in a frame of mind to tell a story yourself. And that is a better achievement, is it not, than being lost in admiration for the merely obvious tricks of painting (as every artist knows and certainly not every artist wants to copy) of a "master like Sargent." It is a shy abstract discriminating art, this, like a curious pattern framed by the sun on an old countryside wall. It suggests that Matisse is not wanting to please but to discover. It is a healthy reaction against the pseudo-romantic sentimentalism, the actual enslavement for all who are doing and living and vital, of the Academy. Like George Bernard Shaw at the beginning of his career, Matisse has had to run the gauntlet of the same kind of criticism. He has broken a new path. Safety is assured for those who follow after. That is his distinction.

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Finally, there is the room full of Cubists, in whose midst one can scarcely help noticing two very simple landscapes, a constructive composition in pure values of black, of Fresnaye; a splendid study of trees by Braque, enveloping an internal color pattern exactly as a wave rolls and enfolds itself around itself, around the whole volume of water which it contains. Was that ever seen in painting before? Also Derain's classical composition and pure deep color (what a study for a young artist in the slow gentle movement and rhythmic basis of his drawing!) And in its purity and severity of style and refreshing quietness of spirit, Picasso has made a *Still Life* which is impeccable. For the rest I notice some color combinations that look as if they were borrowed from Cézanne but appear now like the squares in a glazier's sign, others that only distress my eye by their violence. As for any special merit in the mere building up of a picture by means of trapeziums, rhomboids, etc., I personally am aware of none. It seems to me not even difficult to discern such a relationship of color spaces if we choose. You can see it in a black-and-white reproduction of Renoir, Manet, Cézanne. But what then? It is the case of the polo match, the snow-scene and the live-looking fish over again if we feel that the cleverness is merely in the execution. Why puzzle over mere execution, or still more why feel distressed over it if it has no emotional reward for one? And yet in time to come even this style of painting may offer us a relief from the Academic Post-Impressionist painting we are almost certain to see, and in the meanwhile it makes a good running mate for anything else that may be on the tapis. To speak of it as doing us harm is of that particular brand of salvation, that particular brand of knowledge which a privileged few think it their privilege to announce to all the rest. It is also true as Bacon remarks that, "Whatever is worth being is worth knowing," and we cannot measure the worth of being without also measuring the whole worth and mystery of life.

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THE CHILD AND THE FOURTH

MRS. ISAAC L. RICE

IT is evidently the opinion of most American boys and girls that the greatest of our holidays is ideally well-placed on the calendar. By the end of June, all the repressed desire for freedom from the drudgery of school-tasks is ready to burst forth; the longing to enjoy the brilliant sunshine in the open, after nine months of confinement in the class-room, is about to be realized; the wish to shout and to cheer, and to shout and to cheer again *must* be indulged in, and how could one shout and cheer more joyfully than while celebrating our ever-glorious day of days? The older children, perhaps, hark back for a short time to recently reviewed history lessons and think reverently of our Revolutionary Heroes, and the Declaration of Independence and the "Spirit of '76," but to most of the Little Citizens of To-morrow—and to most of the Little Citizenesses, too—the Fourth spells so much of jollity, liberty and rapture that one is indeed justified in considering it as their very own.

But, although the child might claim the right to celebrate its own day in its own way, it has hitherto always been the grown-up who has insisted upon the privilege of deciding all questions regarding the form of its observance. Until a year or more ago, when I "interviewed" thousands of little ones as to their inmost desires concerning the Fourth, nobody had thought of consulting the party who was the most deeply concerned—the child,—it having always been assumed that fire-crackers and blank cartridges constituted the alpha and omega of childish bliss and that no more appropriate expression of patriotic emotions could ever replace them. Of course we all knew that clamor effectively banished all thought of reverent gratitude for the great gift of Liberty,—that to many Independence Day meant only a period of license from all protective restraint,—that huge conflagrations were but one feature of the financial cost of our holiday and that the sick dreaded the torture of a prolonged "noise-fest"; and worse, far worse, we all knew that many accidents occurred and that suffering and death followed in the wake of the

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" Glorious Fourth ";—but then, after all, we each hoped that the Angel of Death might pass by our own child and that it might be only a strange little toddler whose eyesight would be destroyed or whose pretty baby fingers would be torn and mutilated.

However, my round of school-visits convinced me that our girls and boys were not posing as the victims of a proposed safe and sane celebration, but that, on the contrary, they were joyously alert about exchanging the fascinations of the big, banging cracker and the sizzing, soaring rocket for those of excursions, picnics, games and—SPORTS. I saw the children not only in the large assembly halls where I told them about the dangers of the prevailing mode of celebration, but also in the class-rooms where I listened to their breathless, ecstatic suggestions as the boys eagerly crowded about me, begging, pleading for what seemed dearest to their hearts, speaking all together and giving all together deep, long-drawn, blissful sighs whenever the words " baseball," " Matty," " professional," " Yanks," or " Giants " could be heard above the excited clamor. In the girls' classes, the greatest enthusiasm was elicited by the mention of picnics, with trees, flowers, birds and ICE CREAM as most adorable adjuncts.

And then a little later came the compositions which the children had promised to send me, all about the Fourth of July and all in competition for the silver medals which the Board of Education had permitted me to offer. They came to me in great bundles, hundreds, thousands in each bundle, and all so sweet and eager that it hurt the reader to know how few of the little requests could be gratified and that so much of the money subscribed for the celebration would be expended on an expensively constructed and decorated reviewing-stand (where most of the seats would probably remain empty) and on arrangements for a long parade (in which so few wished to march and which so few of the children would be able to see.)

In glancing over these little papers, one was immediately impressed by the love of country which they breathed and by the heartfelt enthusiasm with which they referred to our National Birthday.

" Independence Day which comes on the Fourth of July

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every year is the Anniversary of Independence and it is celebrated for liberty. It is our faverate day, and everybody should be happy."

And a second:

"The Fourth of July is a great holiday, one of the greatest memorial days, and it will never be forgotten. When America was under the control of England little was known of the Fourth of July, which began July 4th, 1776, and is the best day of the year."

And a third:

"Our greatest national holiday, the Fourth of July, which comes once a year, is hailed with great delight and enthusiasm in the whole country because we were freed from the grasping hand of the mother country on July 4th; it is happy for us now but it was not before we gained our freedom."

Still another:

"Dear Old Glory is cherished in the hearts of all Americans. When we decorate our rooms with flags and pictures, we are only doing little things, but they are things of patriotism. We should be proud of these little things that we do for our country to show that we have loyal hearts toward the flag that set us free."

Yet another:

"Our hearts burst in anguish when we recall the great deeds accomplished by our great forefathers. How good Thomas Jefferson was to write the Declaration of Independence,—*this dignified and eloquent paper,*—this immortal paper, perhaps the most famous state paper in the world."

A more youthful, though apparently no less ardent, lover of his country wrote:

"Thomas Jefferson put these words together and was brave enough to sign his name on the Law paper, and some other men on the back."

What was most surprising was the fact that so many children openly criticised the customary mode of celebrating the Fourth. The following are typical of the thousands of criticisms:

"So far since Independence Day has been about the most legal holiday but people do not know how to spend it. The

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shooting of fireworks show that we disrespect our country, it is disreputable, course and common."

"The Fourth is celebrated with fireworks of all descriptions. But what do these fireworks (in a way) stand for? Death! is there principle. For seven years the Americans fought the English and won that precious but dangerous thing 'Liberty.' But I am sure that if George Washington and the rest could come back and see the deaths on the Fourth, they would be sorry they made the Declaration of Independence. This way of celebrating has proved very fatal to hundreds and thousands of persons. Go to any hospital in July and you will see millions of them injured by fireworks."

"It is an insult and disrespect to our country to shoot off fireworks and never stop to think what this day means: What does this day mean? It means the day when our down-trodden country was freed from the tyranny of England. Is this not a wonderful thing in itself? Why do we use fireworks and gunpowder? Should we injure ourselves when our country needs us? We should preserve our bodies for our country. It is on this day that we should show our patriotism by saving ourselves for our country."

"The Fourth of July to us American boys should be held with great reverence, and with prayers of thanks to God for our deliverance from bondage just as Israel of old. We should say, 'The Fourth of July isn't a delightful time only for the street urchin, but a great and glorious day for all.'"

"While celebrating, we must keep in mind one thing and that is humanity. We are supposed to be a civilized nation and not barbarians, and therefore should celebrate like civilized patriots. Independence Day was never meant by the colonists to be celebrated by burning up the financial foundations of the country, but it was to be celebrated by praying for the future welfare of our country and offering thanks for its past prosperity."

"Our present way of celebrating the Fourth is very dangerous and unhealthful. Some children get blind, lame and great damages which cause a great confusion. If the shooting of all those fierce crackers continue, there will be a great deal of

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disaster in the United States. In the first place many people get hurt, injuring the bodily limbs and causing the prevalence of many cripples, and in the second place it makes the street very dirty. Firecrackers are hard luck to many people and make some fathers and mothers crazy."

"Often have I thought the night before the holiday how many people are going eyeless, armless and legless after tomorrow's wild enjoyment, for people are very careless in blowing their fingers and noses off. To think of the frantic, broken-hearted and almost insane mother, tearing her hair out in grief and despair over an injured child makes one sad. Fireworks do not show national enthusiasm and they have many bad traits such as waste of money and manslaughter. This is an injunction not to use firecrackers on Independence Day."

"Celebrating in such a self-sacrificing way is wrong. The bad people don't care for nobody but themselves and the soldiers are dead in their graves and never will come back."

Many of the little writers apparently had seen a number of the accidents of which they told, for there were frequent graphic touches, such as "he bent over farther on the roof, lost his balance and his life," or "with a screme of pain he fell from his feet and lay bleeding on the ground," "the boys hung firecrackers on the girl's braids but all of a sudden God struck back at those two boys and they were severely burned."

"I have been to the hospital on the day after the Fourth and have seen broken legs and arms and many boys with mortal wounds."

Many of the references to the proposed "undangerous celebration" were naïvely sweet. "Dear Boys and Girls" (wrote a little girl, addressing her letter to the class,)—

"I hope I will not hurt your feelings by telling you that our Mayor has made a law that no fireworks will be sold on that day, because the Mayor says that he—(and he hopes his subjects) can't afford to lose so many citizens."

"I think the most respectful way of celebrating the Fourth of July is by using no fireworks or guns because it is the dangerous way of killing yourself."

Without exception, the Mayor was always alluded to in the

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most complimentary way, and many children expressed the hope that "his law against fireworks will be made very positive."—"Our dear and precautious Mayor," wrote one child, while another announced that "Mrs. Gaynor maked the law."

And then followed the suggestions for a better celebration of the Fourth, thousands and thousands of them, which were either frankly youthful and "sporty," pathetic and appealing, whimsical and mirth-compelling, or enthusiastic and patriotic. Running the whole gamut of childish desires and aspirations, they panted for athletics, pined for ice-cream and soda water, sighed for glimpses of trees, flowers and the sounds of bird-notes, or enthused over things historic.

As one would naturally suppose, those favoring athletics outnumbered all others, with those of a patriotic tenor as a close second. And who would believe that there could be so many sports! Here are the names of just a few—running meets, basket-ball, inter-scholastic games, "socker," boxing, kite-flying, roller-polo, bicycle-races, ox-dances, swimming contests, tag-potato and bag-races, ice-holding contests, jumping, wrestling, and oh! so many other things dear to the child's heart and yet unguessed at by the grown-up! And then, of course, *Professional Games,* either free or at half rates, begged for by both boys and girls, with the "Giants" as the favorite team and "Matty" as the bright, particular star. Sometimes the youthful "fans," carried away by their enthusiasm, would send detailed accounts of long games, inning by inning, as this: "When one of the Giants get up, I like to see them hit a home run, and when the fellow comes home, to see them get glad and touch him all around that he came home. Yesterday in the afternoon they played nine innings, so the score was two-to-two, so they . . . " and thus on through long thrilling pages.

As for the patriotic suggestions they, too, were apparently endless and seemed to include every form of public and private decoration by means of flags, bunting, lanterns and pictures—pilgrimages to historic spots—the decking of soldiers' graves with flowers and our national colors—the singing of patriotic songs and the reading of the Declaration of Independence—the preparation of floats representing famous historical events—the

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study and presentation of plays setting forth striking incidents in the growth of our country and the firing of salutes alternating with the ringing of church bells.

For patriotic souvenirs, countless requests were made—flags, copies of the Declaration of Independence, and—above all—pictures of Washington, Jefferson and the "other great men who died for us" being in great demand. "Our Patreartics" were evidently very near and very dear to my small correspondents. Bits of bunting, to give a festive air to windows and *fire escapes,* were asked for by hosts of the little denizens of dingy tenements, who apparently craved the brilliancy of our national colors, as well as their historic associations.

Less frequent than the other patriotic suggestions, but nevertheless quite numerous, were those to visit the graves of "our dead soldiers who fought in the Revolutionary War," so that the children might decorate them, or perhaps "only look at them"; to have the meaning of the day, its true story, told to the little ones who were assembled in the parks, and to have lectures on the same subject in the evening; to place wreaths on the statues of those "who fought for our independence and won it," and even to collect money for the cleaning of the city's statues.

Nor did the children forget any of the spots connected with American history, either in New York (where Fraunce's Tavern and Grant's Tomb were chief favorites), or, in fact, in any part of our country, no matter how remote. Here is the itinerary of one of the children, which was typical of many:

"Go to Fairmount and go to Boston to see Bunker Hill, where all brave men died for the sake of our flag and our country, and see the ground where the Boston Tea Party was held. And go to Washington to see the Capitol where Congress meets, and see the Declaration of Independence, in which brave men wrote their names."

Really, to have successfully followed out, *in one day,* all these enthusiastically planned patriotic tours, would have required the speed of a winged Mercury.

Next came the appeals of those who longed for a glimpse of the country, so that they might see trees and flowers, "*colored flowers*" (with a child's craving for brilliant tints), or even "to

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be allowed to go on the grass in Central Park." One tot wrote: "In my opinion to be among the singing birds and in the fresh country air would be just lovely." And another wished "to run through the high grass and pick clovers, daisies, bluebells, etc.," adding cheerily at the end: "My idea to spend the Fourth seems pleasant to me." A third waxed eloquent over her desire to be where she "could be greeted by the flowers with their perfumery odor while looking up at the navy blue sky." But alas! not all our little ones know the appearance of flowers, even from pictures, for last Fourth of July, when a small girl was taken for the first time to the Park, she threw herself down, stretched out her arms as if to embrace every dusty blade of grass, and asked —while her cheek rested on the sunburnt sod—"Is this flowers?"

Of course, mingled with these suggestions which came to me from nature-lovers, pure and simple, were those sent me by girls and boys who wanted a day in the open, with the added joys of a feast. "I'd rather have a picnic than all the shooting," stoutly maintained a little fellow, and many others echoed the sentiment—

"I would like to have parties or picnics in the grass, and have crackers, ice-cream, cakes and puddings."

"Go to the woods with all my classmates, and have ice-cream, cake and lemonade."

"I would like to sit under a large tree and eat ice-cream with the other children."

And here let me add, parenthetically, that but few of the children asked for pleasures for themselves alone, practically all including "the other boys and girls," "our mothers and fathers," "the school-children," or "our teachers."

As one might suppose, here and there I would find a youngster with sporting propensities, who would want "to go hunting for rabbits for dinner," "to catch fish and bring them home to our mothers," or "to look for crabs, *though only little ones*"; but most of the hunts requested were only for flowers, berries, or shells. "I am going to the country for blackberries, and I am going to bring my teacher some strawberries too," is characteristic of many. Of course, ice-cream, often capitalized, was

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suggested by almost all (as one would expect from American children), and quite a number hoped that this would be supplied by the city. Oh! if some of our generous citizens could but realize how much joy they would afford our hot and tired little celebrators by giving simple "feasts," I believe that but few of our children would go unrefreshed. Decidedly "banquets," or rather inexpensive refreshments meant much to my boys and girls. "All to do is to have icecream soada," exclaimed one child, while another, who evidently was more hungry, requested "icecream soada and a Frankfurter." "I'll make a party and eat to the health of my country," wrote a third, and a fourth stated that he "would rather by fruit than shoot off all the firecrackers." A rather unusual suggestion was to "have dinner where the rich should serve the poor."

On the whole, the desire for the open, and in particular for the open plus refreshments, was scarcely less evident than that expressed for sports or for things patriotic. Even boys requested "dancing in the park while the band is playing," or to be allowed to go to a "grassy and shady place in the forest." However, there were many who felt that a sight of trees and other greenery must surely be far beyond their reach, and who, therefore, only asked to have the school-house doors open, so that they might have games in the playgrounds. On the other hand, a few, with a sublime disregard of geographical and financial limitations, wanted to go on extensive excursions, as is shown by the following letters:

"I would like to go all round the United States. Then I'd like to take place in a parade and march to Grant's tomb. Then I would like to see the Jeffries-Johnson fight, because they are our great champeons. Then I'd like to see the New York League play the Cleavelands."

And this:

"I wish that I could see the Thousand Islands, Niagara, West Point, and the Washington Tower. Then I'd like to see President Taft enjoying the Fourth, and also Mayor Gaynor; then go to Coney Island and the Theater, and sail down the Hudson and all round Ellis Island. Next I'd like to go to the Metropolitan Opera House and to the Plaza

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Hotel for supper. Next I'd like to fly a kite with a lantern hitched to its tail."

One must note, however, that here and there through almost all these compositions, were little touches, showing that the significance of the day had not been overlooked, in spite of childish delight at the thought of sport and excursions.

"Let us have at our picnic a boy and girl dressed up in stuff like our flag, to represent Uncle Sam *and his wife*."

or,

"Give us cakes while we are in the Park, and let us have little flags stuck in the top."

or,

"We'ld like to march through the park singing songs of praise and sorrow."

And, last of all, the number of funny, odd, pathetic wishes that were made! One child, evidently a poor, little home-drudge, felt that nothing more delightful *could* be wished for than "to go walking on the streets and look at show cases." Another wished for leisure "to sew a tiddie" (tidy), while a third thought that: "If we would give the children a couple of cents with which to enjoy themselves, this would be a beautiful way for the children to enjoy themselves." Some urged the importance of "making others happy," if we would fittingly honor the day,*

* One feature of New York's first safe and sane Fourth, into the spirit of which the children entered happily, was that of bringing cheer into the hospitals, so that the city's sick might feel that they were not forgotten on our National Birthday.

At the suggestion of our Society, Dr. Maxwell, City Superintendent of Schools, arranged to have hundreds of children assemble before the hospitals, where they sang patriotic airs, all of which were most enthusiastically received.

We had also hoped to be able to distribute small silk flags to each patient in our institutions, but the committee in charge of the celebration of the Fourth did not respond to the suggestion, so that we could distribute but a few thousand which we ourselves had collected. Some of these were given away by the children, and no part of the day's observance could have been sweeter than that afforded by the sight of the white-clad girls who ran through the wards of the City Hospital giving away smiles with their flags and singing stirring airs on each landing.

Seeing the pleasure that the children derived from this part of the day's observance—not to speak of that bestowed on the unfortunate sick—it does seem a pity that the small sum required could not be subtracted from the large amount set aside for the erection and decoration of a huge official stand and the entertainment of those occupying it.

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while still others wanted all to "think why we are so happy." Some desired nothing more costly than to "ride on hobby-horses," while others made plans which were surprising in their vastness. One child, for instance, wrote:

"I'd like to go to the graveyard to see my poor grandfather who was killed with alcohol on July 3rd, 1909. Next I'd very much like to go to Germany to see the Emperor of Germany, and next I'd like to go to Fort George and ride on horseback."

However, by quoting a line here and there, it is impossible to do justice to these papers, for one necessarily fails to give even an idea of their sweetness, naïveté, earnestness and patriotic fervor. One and all they suggested just what normal children might be supposed to want, and the great majority surely would have agreed with one of my youngest correspondents who wrote:

"Fireworks should burn only in our patriotic hearts for our great country and our glorious day—and all the fireworks in the world if put together with their noise and brilliant colors could not make up for the death of one small child."

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THE FAILURE OF THE PRIMARY, DIRECT OR OTHERWISE

An Appeal for Direct Elections

JOSEPH DANA MILLER

Evolution of Nominating Systems

ROUGHLY, the evolution of nominating systems may be said to have been somewhat as follows: Nomination by motion at conference of citizens; nomination by agreement at caucus of leaders; nomination by delegates in control of party organization; nomination by party bosses in control of party organization; nomination by delegates at primary elections subject to the rule of party bosses; nomination by primary elections subject to State laws. The last includes all the variations of closed or open primary by which it is sought to overcome the power of the bosses and the influence of the machine, and to secure a fuller and freer expression from the rank and file.

The Theory of the Convention

The Convention was at least theoretically democratic. But the theory was discounted in practice. For the delegates were but the pliant instrument of those higher up, and were obedient to the commands of the bosses, who with much skill supervised the revolution of every wheel in the complex machinery. The discussion that went on decided nothing. What was actually decided was the result of consultation behind closed doors.

What the politicians could not accomplish by corruption at the primaries, or by force or intimidation at the convention, they would seek to effect by "snap conventions," which practice involved the calling of the convention too early to permit of the full attendance of party voters.

Efforts were made to regulate conventions by law, even where laws already existed to regulate primaries at which

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delegates were elected. For it was found that honestly conducted primaries were often defeated at the convention. But these laws failed to remedy the evils of the convention system. Popular control could not be secured by legal regulation of party primaries, or of party machinery, or of the convention itself.

Various Forms of the Primary

In some States the primary is optional, in others compulsory; in some States the test of party affiliation is prescribed by the legislature; in others it is left to the governing authority of the party. Some States require a definite declaration with respect to party loyalty and future intention.

If the test of party regularity be left to the legislature, there is one kind of objection; if to the parties themselves, there is another. For if it be left to the legislature, there is implied the right to impose any test, and the exercise of this power is a dangerous one. For it places the legislator in a position in which he is asked to determine regulations which affect the interests, not of the whole people, but of his party. It is easy to conceive of a majority in the legislature drawing to itself primary legislation of such advantage as to prolong indefinitely its lease of power. But if the test be left to the parties themselves—by far the safer alternative—the determination of party tests will reside ultimately with the bosses. In either case the rights of the independent voter are ignored and his influence minimized.

We cannot maintain these two positions, which inevitably conflict: That party organization should be maintained by State recognition, and that at the same time we should grant to every legal voter the equal right with every other citizen to select his nominees for elective office. The State cannot give over to parties the nominating machinery and expect to achieve anything but narrow partisan results.

The Reformed Primary in Actual Operation

The Direct Primary is better than the old convention system. It gets somewhat nearer the people. A larger number of the

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party voters participate, in form at least. They are permitted to "go through the motions." But they wield scarcely more influence than in the days of the caucus nominations.

As the time for holding the party primary approaches, the political bosses confer on the question of the availability of candidates, and then decide who the regular organization nominees shall be. This indorsement is of such value that it is seldom these candidates are not the successful ones. To be the organization or bosses' choice it is necessary to agree tacitly that in the event of election the office will be conducted in the interests of the organization, commercially and politically, with only such regard for the public welfare as discretion may dictate. The bosses drive hard bargains with the favored candidate who is the organization's choice. In conducting his office so as to fulfil his party obligations, he not infrequently finds himself embarked on a criminal career.

The power exercised by the party voter is confined to saying "yes" or "no" to nominees presented by party leaders. He does not discuss with them the fitness of those nominees to stand for office, and on election day he has another "yes" or "no" to apply to one, two or three candidates selected in precisely the same way by the respective party managers.

Pulling Together

Let us consider the methods of procedure. Petitions are filed for the nomination of Governor, let us say. Then may come Congressman, State Senator, Assemblymen, Supervisor, Freeholders, Sheriffs, Surrogate, Mayor, Commissioners, President of Board of Aldermen and Aldermen, together with Justices of the Peace and Constable.

These candidates work not only for their own success, but for the success of every other candidate associated with them. Granting that the majority are men of good repute, experience shows that some of them at least—the disreputable or unfit—would not be able to stand alone. The citizens, if it were left to them, would not select them for their nominees. But the good

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help to carry the bad. The unfit with the organization backing have an immense advantage over the candidate placed in nomination by an independent or minority party, or by petition. This serves to nullify what it is intended to effect with the power to nominate by petition.

Reformed Primary Experiments Futile

A Primary law devoid of defects has yet to be devised. This is not due to absence of variety. Perhaps the Geran Law of New Jersey has reformed primary defects as much as it is possible to reform them. But there remains confessedly no primary system which even its advocates consider unassailable. If this is so, if everything has been tried that can be tried, and primaries are still found wanting to accomplish the aims of their originators, it must be because the primary itself is inherently impracticable.

Forcing the Voter to Support Corrupt Candidates

Another question which may be termed the ethical side of the argument is of large moment. The voter who takes part in the primaries is in honor bound to abide by the results of the primary contest, which may force him to support at the polls on election day the corrupt candidate against whom he voted at the primary. It is a point in casuistry, of course, about which some fine-spun theories may be woven, whether he may conscientiously repudiate the results of the party primary. But however he may decide, the loss of his self-respect is entailed. He is not in the same class as the voter who takes part in his party primary for the sake of satisfying his spite or spleen against some candidate, and votes against his party on election day whatever the result. But he will nevertheless feel, no matter what course he may finally adopt, that he is in some degree a less self-respecting citizen. And he is right. The result of the party primary is inevitably to make men worse, not better citizens.

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Perpetuating Majority Parties

One of the gravest objections to the party primary is that it serves to perpetuate the party which has a large preponderance of voters, and to render largely ineffectual the efforts of a minority party to overcome the influence of numbers. This is so because the individual finds no excitement in taking part in the primaries of a party in a hopeless minority. Thus it often happens that in the Southern States where Democracy is dominant and a nomination is equivalent to an election, no Republican primaries are held for State elections. There must be a heroic devotion to principle, a more than Spartan indifference to overwhelmingly prevailing opinion, to induce the voter to take part in the primaries of a minority party. Thus the tyranny of what would otherwise be purely temporary majorities, is perpetuated.

Presidential Preference Primaries Equally Futile

Under the convention system, without something very like a revolution, the President seeking a renomination, or some nominee of his selection, must be successful. But it is clear that the remedy offered by "presidential preference primaries" is a futile makeshift, and should be swept away for a system of direct elections for President as well as for all other elective officers of the Government, with no primaries of any sort interposing.

This is the question to which an answer must be given. If the convention system of nominations as originally constituted was the means by which the bosses and politicians controlled the nominations, and consequently the officials elected, and the various primary reforms, while lessening somewhat the power of the bosses to control, are nevertheless signally ineffectual, why is not the abolition of the primary the best means of bringing about the result aimed at by the primary reformers?

The Substitute for All

Direct Elections involve the orderly, deliberate and sane methods of a democracy. The remedy for all the evils of every

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known primary system is DIRECT ELECTIONS, *nomination exclusively by petition—in other words, by all the people.* We have outgrown the primary as we have long outgrown the systems which it supplanted.

Party machines as we know them will then drop to pieces as if by magic. The politician's place will be filled by any man who by sheer force of conviction or intellectual power makes himself a leader of principle. Under this régime he can appeal to nothing save measures for the common good. And no boss stands at his elbow with significant hints that if he goes too far his political future is endangered. He has none to look to now for nomination or renomination but the people themselves. He is no longer a politician subservient to the will of the boss, but a freeman among freemen—politically, at least. The old order will have gone forever.

Proportionate Degrees of Influence Exercised by the Citizen Under Different Nominating Systems

We have noted briefly at the beginning of this article the evolution of nominating systems. We append a table, somewhat crudely devised, which with the length of line preceding the stated forms of nomination is intended to convey some idea of the proportionate degree of influence exercised by the citizen in the selection of candidates:

———————————	Nomination	at Conference of Citizens.
———————————	"	by agreement at Caucus of Leaders.
———————————	"	" Delegates in Convention of Party Organization.
———————	"	" Party Bosses in control of Delegates.
———	"	" Delegates at Primary Elections subject to the rule of Party Bosses.

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———————— Nomination at Primary Elections subject to State Laws.
———————— " " Petition of Citizens.

The Proposed System Not New

What is proposed is not new. In Indiana since 1903 nominations for school commissioners in cities of over 100,000 have been by petition only. In Newport, Rhode Island, under the charter of which Rear-Admiral Chadwick is the author, and which furnishes an interesting departure from the Commission Plan (so-called), nomination for city officers is by petition only. Nomination for mayor may be had on the presentation of a petition signed by 250 voters. In Iowa there is a non-partisan primary law which provides for the participation of all voters without regard to party affiliation. In Washington the names of judiciary nominees are placed on either ballot by petition, and such nominees are not required to announce to which party they belong. Those receiving the highest number of votes become the candidates at the regular election.

Will the Influence of Parties Diminish?

There will be many objections urged to the system of Direct Elections. One will be that of the diminishing influence of parties. In reply it may be said that party government serves a useful purpose up to a certain point. Beyond that point it is inimical to the public welfare. This is more or less vaguely recognized by the people when parties are successfully established in power, and the party becomes the Government. Government is now administered secretly for party advantage. Every appointment, even to members of the federal judiciary, is carefully scrutinized and planned with an eye to party advantage. To this, public policy is made subservient.

Nothing will contribute to the change so radically needed as the reform we are proposing. To this all reformers must come, although, through attachment to parties and party machinery, many will hesitate to take the step. But it is the necessary step to the threshold of the new era in the politics of this nation. No other reform will put the people in the saddle.

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The Machinery for the Reform

Part of the machinery for Direct Elections is already provided for in the primaries of those States that recognize the right of nomination by petition. When all nominations shall be by petition the *modus operandi* should be strictly under Government supervision, which should provide the opportunities for securing signatures and the necessary blanks. Such supervision is necessary so that fraud may be prevented as far as possible. The expense will be much less than that of the primaries. The State will in this way assume the only attitude it should bear to existing party organizations—that is, one of absolute neutrality.

Other Objections that may be Urged

Another objection that may be urged to exclusive nomination by petition is the great number of nominees that may then appear on the ballot. But candidates having small chance or no chance at all of election, would be ignored by the voter after a campaign in which on election day it became clearly apparent that the result lay between two or three of the nominees.

And it is by no means certain that there would be an inconvenient multiplicity of nominees where the names of those appearing on the ballot depended on petitioners. Few men will stand for office where their candidacy is hopeless. Under the Geran Primary Law of New Jersey six hundred signatures are sufficient to enable any citizen to run for mayor, yet in the last election in Jersey City, before the adoption of the Commission Government plan, there were only the usual number of candidates representing existing parties.

It may be said that the same apprehension of an inconvenient number of nominees was urged in opposition to the Direct Primaries. But such apprehension was discovered to be ill-founded. And the same fear of an excessive number of nominees under the system here proposed would prove to have as little reason to justify it.

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Is There Danger of Minority Rule?

If it be urged in opposition to this reform that in a multiplicity of nominees there is danger of minority rule, then it may be replied that such evil always exists under party primary government, and examples could be given *ad libitum*. If the system of Direct Elections be held to involve the danger of minority rule, and this is considered to be a greater evil than those inherent in the primary, then perhaps the Second Election System in which the two highest candidates contend—the system in vogue in Australia, Germany and elsewhere—might be substituted.

Matters of Detail

This principle accepted, the rest is a matter of detail. It is not necessary to outline any method. Nor need we predict the course that might then be taken by party organizations. It is conceivable that nominating conventions might precede the taking of signatures to nominating papers, or might be called for ratification when signatures were completed. Such representative gatherings in the case of presidential nominations would seem to be necessary for the adoption of party platforms and the formulation of party policies.

And there would be Regulars and Independents as now, only the Independents would have a much more formidable leverage —would, in fact, stand on the same plane of equality as the regular organization. The regular organization would have its place then as now, but it would depend for existence—as it does *not* now—on the cohesive power of some great animating principle. This is the answer to those who may object that under this system there would be too little attention directed to measures and too much to men—which is admittedly a defect of the American electorate.

A System Under Which the People Will Come to Their Own

Under a system of Direct Elections the people will come at last to their own—politically. A new and tremendous oppor-

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tunity will be open to independent political parties that desire to present new and untried issues. Government will be closer to the people. Administrations, to revert again to the thought previously touched upon, will keep in mind the wishes of the people rather than party advantage. Executives will consult the aspirations of the people rather than the commands of the bosses, or the interests of Big Business, for it will be easier to turn them out. Parties for their overthrow may be born and organized between elections, and the strength of such movements may be suspected but cannot be accurately gauged until the votes are counted. Their leaders will be less likely to be bought, cajoled, or influenced. They will have little or nothing to sell. Nominations will have passed to the people who are now in complete control.

Follows Spencer's Law

This reform follows the true law of evolution as laid down by Herbert Spencer, which is from the simple to the complex and from the complex to the simple. The system of Direct Elections where the town meeting is no longer possible secures the same end—is the expression of the will of the people, is democratic.

Politics itself has grown too complex, too exacting under prevailing conditions to permit of the citizen taking active part. If his activity in politics is limited to what he can do while following his trade or profession his influence will not be great, and the business of politics will be left to the men whose time is wholly devoted to its secret manipulations. This is the reason why politics has become almost a separate profession. Its office, too greatly magnified, must now be minimized in the interests of a better social and political life. Its machinery, which has been too long a private asset, must be turned over to the people. Primary reform has aimed to wrest control from the politicians and give it to the people; nothing will do this save the abolition of the primary.

Recommendations for the Proposed System

The Government is at last *the people's Government*. The State recognizes no parties, but stands in neutral relation to all.

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The citizen alone is the concern of the State. The State will no longer demand of him as he enters the party primary booth that he announce his political preference. There will no longer be boxes labelled "Democrat," "Republican," etc. As well might the State demand of the voter a declaration of his denominational or religious affiliations, or racial descent. Should he be asked to vote in boxes marked "Negro," "White," "Catholic" or "Protestant," the eternal fitness of things democratic could hardly be subjected to a greater contradiction. The State in all its acts should recognize only the citizen. His party affiliations are none of its concern.

Party primary legislation is like governmental favoritism in other fields—it builds up an odious partnership with government, and it calls into being political trusts hardly less tyrannous, arrogant and oppressive than the industrial trusts which are the inevitable fruit of the same partnership.

The system proposed provides for the conscious deliberation on the part of the people in the selection of nominees. By minimizing party control of government, it will give minority parties even when out of power an influence over legislation.

It will do much to decrease the corruption of our cities, which has its origin, in large measure, in the conviction of the average citizen that he derives no benefit from party, and that he is individually powerless to effect a change by taking part in primary activities.

It would secure when needed non-partisan local government, which has been found impossible in the long run wherever it has been tried because it sets itself in opposition to long-established and coherent organizations, whose stronger tendency to survive is derived from individual instincts of self-preservation and easy graft. It has been recognized by such critics of the primary as Ernst Christopher Meyer that with party primaries non-partisan elections cannot be had, since the odds are always in favor of the regular army. But this would all be changed by a resort to the simple and exclusive nomination by petition.

With this system will disappear the condition under parties as now constituted in which a long and tedious era of popular education must precede formal political action, or acceptance of a new truth by the dominant political parties.

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THE CANADIAN BANKING SYSTEM

PETER MCARTHUR

THE Canadian banking system is particularly interesting because the things that are said of it by its friends and its critics are equally true. It deserves the highest praise because its organization is so perfectly adapted to the needs of the country in which it has been developed, and the severest blame because the perfection of its organization makes it so easy to subvert it for the enrichment of favored financiers. It is an engine that when working as represented by its friends serves the country admirably, but when its gear is reversed it works with equal smoothness against the people, and for the benefit of those who are in control. And the fact that it can be switched for or against the people without a jar makes it the wonderful engine it is while handled by astute men. It is so hard to know in which way it is working at any particular time that investigators are being constantly baffled. When working as it should it deserves all the praise that is lavished on it, but that it frequently works with reversed gear is shown by certain peculiarities of Canadian business, if not by the banking returns that are made to the Government. As it is absolutely free from outside inspection, this kind of manipulation is hard to detect; but the all too frequent failures of weak banks have given the public occasional glimpses of the more sinister workings of the system.

During the past few months the banking system has received considerable attention owing to the decennial revision of the Bank Act which has been in progress in the House of Commons. Every ten years the Canadian banks must have their charters renewed. At the time of renewal the Bank Act comes up for consideration, so that the banking laws may give recognition to the development and changing needs of the country. In the past this decennial revision and the renewal of charters have been little more than a matter of form. Canadians had been led to believe that their banking system was the best in the world, and secure in this belief they allowed it to develop without criticism

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or check. The recent disastrous failure of the Farmer's Bank, however, has led others besides those who lost through it to suspect that there may be some flaws in a system under which such things can happen. In addition, the promotion of mergers and combines in almost every line of industry has aroused a suspicion that the accumulated wealth of the people, deposited in the banks, is being used in ways that are against the best interests of the country.

But although public opinion has been aroused it has not received adequate expression, and this is not to be wondered at. In a speech before Parliament the Hon. Mr. Emmerson demonstrated that through a system of interlocking directorates all the important financial, transportation, and industrial interests of Canada are under the control of twenty men. If he had added that most of the important newspapers are under the same control his arraignment would have been more complete. This state of affairs accounts for the apathy of the public press regarding the evils of the banking system. Only two papers, *The Farmer's Advocate,* and *The Grain Grower's Guide,* adopted a vigorous policy in favor of banking reform, and they were promptly punished for their temerity. All bank advertising was withdrawn from their columns, and in other ways they were made to feel the displeasure of the interests they had offended. It is quite true that while the new act was under consideration the Committee of Banking and Commerce called witnesses to testify regarding the operations of the banking system, but as a majority of the witnesses were bank managers it was only natural that the preponderance of evidence was in favor of the system as it stands.

A few unimportant changes have been made in the act. But before discussing the reforms demanded and those granted it may be helpful to state briefly the nature of the privileges enjoyed by the Canadian chartered banks and the effect on the business of the country.

The ostensible purpose of the Canadian banking system is to give the country strong banks and keep capital in as fluid a state as possible so that it may flow from parts where it is not needed to those where it may be employed with profit. To this

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end the banks have been allowed to establish branches in all parts of the country so as to gather deposits and provide avenues for their distribution. There are now twenty-six banks in Canada, having about three thousand branches scattered through every city, town and hamlet from ocean to ocean, and even following the mining operations that are pushing toward the arctic circle.

That they are succeeding admirably in collecting the money of the people is shown by the fact that they now have over a billion dollars on deposit or about ten times the amount of their paid-up capital. As the Bank Act makes it illegal for any but a chartered bank to use the name "bank," private banks have been practically wiped out of existence. The twenty-six chartered banks, bound together in a Bankers' Association, which to all intents and purposes is a legalized money trust, have been given a practical monopoly of the banking business of the country. In addition they are permitted to issue currency to the extent of their paid-up capital at no greater cost than that of the engraving and printing. This amounts to a virtual gift from the Government of one hundred million dollars. This currency is not subject to a tax of any kind as is the case in other countries, and instead of being secured by gold or Government bonds it is secured by being made the preferred creditor against the assets of the bank. This makes the money of the depositors the security for the note circulation of the country. In addition to this the banks have been allowed to operate entirely free from Government inspection. In view of these conditions, it is not surprising that the more successful Canadian banks have been able to accumulate reserves almost equal to their paid-up capital, to provide themselves with magnificent office buildings and to pay dividends ranging from ten to eighteen per cent. It is surprising, however, that under this system there have been so many failures. As pointed out by Mr. McLeod, ex-manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, the only banker who has advocated any measure of reform, twenty-five per cent. of the Canadian banks have failed in the past twenty-six years. During the same period only five per cent. of the national banks in the United States have failed. The explanation seems to be that under the

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Canadian system the tendency is all toward the centralization of capital in the larger banks while the weaker banks are driven to the wall. During the past couple of years several of the weaker banks have been absorbed by stronger rivals, and the indications are that the process will be kept up until all the resources of the country are centralized in a few powerful banks.

It is argued by the friends of the banks that the system is working out perfectly. The country is being given a stable currency, powerful banking institutions, and through the branch bank system capital can be readily moved from the places where it cannot find investment to others where there is a demand. To make this possible was undoubtedly the purpose of the Government in granting the banks the privileges which they enjoy, but testimony brought out before the Committee of Banking and Commerce hardly sustains this optimistic view. It was shown that money taken on deposit in the older provinces at three per cent. is being loaned in the western provinces at rates varying from seven to twenty per cent., although the law expressly prohibited the banks from charging more than seven per cent. As this clause had practically become a dead letter it has been amended so that banks may in future exact any rate of interest to which the borrower will agree, although not more than seven per cent. can be recovered by law. This would seem to give the banks the privilege of being usurers in addition to the other privileges they enjoy. Their defence is that in the western provinces so little money is received on deposit that they could not afford to establish branches or give banking service if compelled to observe the law regarding the seven per cent. rate. They have even gone so far as to assert that unless permitted to charge higher rates they would be obliged to withdraw from the western provinces altogether. Replying to this Mr. Roderick McKenzie, Secretary of the Grain Growers' Association, strongly advised the banking committee to "call their bluff." He contended that the banks could very well afford to lend their money at the legal rate, but his objection was over-ruled and the act amended so as to enable the bankers to exact practically any rate without breaking the law.

Perhaps the most unintentionally illuminating evidence given

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was that of Sir Edmund Walker, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. In order to show that the banks are not making undue profits he quoted a list of over a hundred industrial concerns that are making larger profits. This is exactly what the critics of the system have been contending. Their investigations have brought out the fact that all the important industrial enterprises have been so organized that they enjoy practical monopolies in their own fields. The ease with which the banks can accumulate large sums of money from their branches has made it possible for skilful promoters to organize combinations in restraint of trade. These combinations have been financed by the banks with the result that small independent concerns have been or are being wiped out of existence. All the smaller towns and cities excepting those that have the head offices of some industrial combination are losing their manufacturing and business interests, while the favored centres are enjoying an abnormal growth. It is now practically impossible to start an independent business in any of the smaller places. The best they can do is to have a branch of some monopolistic combination which is probably financed, in part, by the money of the district, placed on deposit in the branch banks and transferred to the head offices for the use of the managers and directors in the promotion of giant concerns that stifle competition. That the general managers and directors of some banks profit by these promotions is more than a matter of suspicion. The writer has in his possession evidence of such transactions involving sums that mount into the millions. This was intimated to the Committee of Banking and Commerce, and although the evidence was not demanded, its existence was virtually admitted by the fact that the new act has been amended in such a way as to make it a penal offence for any bank official to accept bonuses or gifts for giving accommodation to patrons of the institution.

The reform which has been most strenuously advocated is that of Government inspection. While arguing in its favor Mr. McLeod of the Bank of Nova Scotia testified:

That certain phases of the Bank Act have been habitually violated by our Canadian banks, the law in regard to falsification of returns being practically a dead letter;

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That it has been possible for a knavish general manager to go on for twenty-five years, as the manager of the Ontario bank did, using the funds of an unsound bank to enrich himself while doing great mischief to the country;

That Canadian banks have habitually overloaned, considerably beyond the limits of safety, as determined by world experience in banking;

That cases have arisen where a single bank has controlled the policy of the Canadian Bankers' Association by influence;

That at the present rate of progression we are destined by 1923 to have only seventeen banks with an average capitalization of over ten million dollars, and that it would be well to prevent the growth of gigantic institutions, which would in time become controllers of the country through political influence or otherwise;

That all the failures of Canadian banks have been due to an unsound, imprudent or dishonest state of affairs at the head office;

That the mere verification of accounts would be worthless, a much broader and more thorough-going audit or inspection being necessary to secure depositors and shareholders.

As might be expected, Government inspection has been vigorously opposed by the bankers. In order to meet the public demand the act has been amended to provide for an independent audit by officials to be appointed by the shareholders from a list of competent auditors selected by the bank managers and approved by the Minister of Finance. Whether this measure will have the desired effect remains to be seen. It is contended by the advocates of Government inspection that this audit will be worthless, as bank shareholders usually give proxies and the auditors will be practically appointed by the men whose business operations they will be called upon to investigate.

Another and more comprehensive reform which has been urged asks for the establishment of a permanent commission with powers somewhat similar to those of the Railway Commission which has rendered notable public service during the past few years. This commission would have power to investigate all forms of banking practice and would have a staff of inspectors

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whose business it would be to investigate and report on the condition and the operations of the various banks. A suggestion so radical, however, is somewhat in advance of public opinion, and although it has been well received by the rural population it is not likely to be acted upon, at least for some time to come.

As matters stand in Canada to-day the money of the people, received on deposit through a system of branch banks, is under the control of a few men. It is being used to centralize all the important forms of industry for the enrichment of a small privileged class. In consequence the vast profits of the development of a new country are passing into a few hands. The fact that the people of Canada are not more seriously alarmed by this state of affairs is due to the general prosperity caused by the opening up of the natural resources of the country. Mines, forests, and farm lands are being exploited as they were some years ago in the United States, and the influx of foreign capital for the building of railways and the promotion of other enterprises is causing an artificial prosperity which keeps the people from realizing that a day of reckoning must come sooner or later. As might be expected, the beneficiaries of this system are exercising the usual sinister influence in politics and on the public press, so that Canada is at the present time quietly enduring a state of affairs that in almost any other country would be intolerable.

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JAPANESE-AMERICAN RELATIONS

EDWIN MAXEY

NATIONAL friendships, like national institutions, are a growth. They do not spring into existence "full armed like Minerva from the head of Jove." They sometimes represent the accumulations of centuries and are sometimes of relatively recent origin. But whether they are the one or the other, their strength depends upon the soil from which they derive their nourishment. They are not a result of accident. Whether they depend upon a community of blood, language, ideals or interests, their roots go more or less into the past. Hence it is not to be expected that the present can be understood entirely without some reference to the past.

Until compelled by the United States to abandon her policy of national isolation, modern Japan, or rather the Japan of the modern era, was attempting to live "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." But however much this might appeal to the idealist, it was a dream the realization of which modern development has rendered impossible. The reorganization of industry, the development of trade, the improvement in means of transportation and of conveying intelligence had all tended to break down the barriers between nations. The force of this evolution would of course be greater with reference to an island empire than with reference to an inland state; for other things being equal, the possibility of isolation varies inversely with the degree of accessibility.

To such an extent had the forces working against national isolation gained in momentum in the nineteenth century that the time was opportune for the mission of Commodore Perry in opening Japan to foreign intercourse. She was unable to resist the onward march of events and proceeded with as much grace as possible to adjust herself to the changed conditions. Far from resenting the part played by the United States in bringing about this readjustment, Japan has on different occasions shown her gratitude. Ten years ago she celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Commodore Perry's visit, and erected a monument to

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his memory. The gratitude expressed and her expressions of friendship for the United States had in them the ring of sincerity.

The relations established by the treaty negotiated by Commodore Perry were broadened by the commercial treaties negotiated by Townsend Harris and ratified by the United States and Japan. These treaties were made the basis for the commercial treaties entered into by Japan with the other countries. No one who has studied the text or working of the Townsend Harris treaties will say that there is in them any trace of an attempt to overreach or drive a hard bargain at the expense of a less fortunate neighbor. The commerce which they provided for was not disadvantageous to Japan from an economic standpoint, nor were the trade relations then established ever used by the United States as a means for securing political control over any portion of the Japanese Empire. Instead of attempting to make any part of it a sphere of American interests, we have sought rather to make the whole empire a sphere of American ideas. That we have succeeded measurably in this is attested by the fact that everywhere the Japanese are known as the Yankees of the Far East. In her struggle to rid herself of the hateful handicap of consular jurisdiction, Japan had the sympathy and assistance of the United States. She has paid us the sincere compliment of having hundreds of her brightest sons educated in our institutions, and has sent numerous delegations for the purpose of studying our industries and our institutions. These we have always welcomed and have shown them the utmost courtesy. The results of their investigations have not infrequently been manifest in the changes brought about in the Japanese industrial organization.

The difference in the commodities produced in the United States and in Japan is such as to make the two countries trade allies, i. e., to make them seek to promote rather than place obstacles in the way of trade with each other. To appreciate the truth of this we have but to glance at a list of the staple products of the two countries. Japan produces raw silk cheaply and though the United States has attempted it, the attempts have thus far availed us nothing except to show that either our soil or climate or both are not adapted to the industry. We are

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therefore importing about 90 per cent. of the raw silk exported by Japan and making it into fabrics, instead of doing as we once did—purchasing those fabrics from England and paying for them with the products of our farms. We still pay for them with the products of our farms, but it is now simply the raw material that we pay for, giving to our own factories the opportunity of performing the processes which enhance its value. Tea is another staple of Japanese production which has never been raised profitably in the United States, which now takes three-fourths of the tea exported by Japan. There are certain classes of works of art which the United States imports from Japan. These also are not and for a long time will not be produced in the United States. The artistic temperament and abilities of a people are something which do not change rapidly. The whims of fashion may be ephemeral, but the ability to produce and the desire for artistic creations are far more constant.

Japan in turn looks to the United States for the raw cotton so essential to what has come to be one of the great industries of the empire. Most of the flour used in Japan is imported from the United States. The same is true of kerosene, of locomotives, railway rails, and railway equipment.

The effect of this diversity in staple products, reinforced by the fact of geographical location, is evidenced by the statistics of trade between the two countries. According to the Statistical Abstract, the value of the exports from the United States to Japan in 1865 was $41,913. Forty years later it had grown to $51,719,183 or a gain of over 100,000 per cent. During the same period the value of the imports increased from $285,176 to $51,821,629. After making proper discount for the effect of war, this growth is certainly marvellous. If we take a shorter period, the increase is almost equally marked. Between 1895 and 1905, the exports from the United States to Japan increased in value from $4,634,717 to $51,619,683 and the imports from $23,790,202 to $51,821,629. Thus during a single decade our exports to Japan increased over 1,000 per cent. and our imports over 100 per cent. If it is objected that 1905 is not a fair year, because of the war, we will take 1912, in which year our exports to Japan amounted to $57,519,654

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and our imports to $87,418,042 in value—a very substantial increase in both imports and exports over the figures for 1905.

Though commercial advantage is not the sole determinant of national policies, it is nevertheless an important factor. Among the marked tendencies of the last century has been the increasing influence of commercial considerations in determining the foreign policies of nations. Nor is there any convincing evidence that this tendency has begun to weaken. The advantages of international trade not only reveal a basis for friendship in a community of interests but, by making peoples better acquainted with each other, make closer diplomatic relations possible. Whether or not "trade follows the flag," treaties follow trade.

Given a traditional friendship resting on the recollection of kindnesses shown and an admiration for achievements, added to a community of interests resting on mutually advantageous trade relations due to a difference in resources and emphasized by the fact of geographical location, it would be most unfortunate if these relations were to be disturbed by hostile legislation and unfair discrimination by a State legislature. But the recent act passed by the California legislature and signed by the governor raises substantially the same question as that raised six years ago by the order of the San Francisco school board in excluding the Japanese children from the public schools of San Francisco. Now as then there is no emergency which calls for drastic action by the local unit. At that time the local unit attempted a discrimination against aliens whose rights were protected by a treaty between the United States and their Government, containing a "most favored nation" clause. That the federal Government had a right to negotiate such a treaty there is not now and has not for a century been any doubt. The treaty-making power is by the constitution conferred upon the federal Government, without limitation. The federal Government had therefore the same power to make treaties as had the Government of other independent states at that time. And at that time, and for a long time previously, other independent states had been making treaties containing the "most favored nation" clause. This power has never been taken away from the federal Government and has been frequently exercised without any question as to the legal

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right to exercise it, when considered expedient to do so. Nor is there any doubt that when a treaty containing such a clause is made it becomes, in accordance with the constitution, "the supreme law of the land." It may be unwise for the federal Government to insert such a provision in its treaties, but of this the federal Government and not a State legislature is to be the judge.

In the school case, the matter was finally settled not by the local authorities but by the federal Government, to whom it should have been referred in the first place. The intervention by the local authorities settled nothing. It served merely to cause useless irritation to a friendly state, to embarrass our own Government and to show that the question was one to be dealt with by the federal Government, not by the local authorities. If the rights of California, in respect to matters governed by a valid treaty, were interfered with, they had the undoubted right of appealing to the federal Government for protection, which, if merited, would no doubt have been accorded. But this method was far too tame and prosaic for Californians. They chose rather to make what political capital they could by independent action which would inevitably cause irritation and make the question more difficult of handling; and then, having secured what advertising they could get out of it, they turned the question over to the federal Government for adjustment.

One would suppose that the above experience would have taught the Californians something. But it did not. At the beginning of the present session of the legislature a whole crop of bills, thirty-four in number, was introduced for the purpose of gaining immortal fame and votes for their authors, by insulting the citizens of a friendly state. One of these was a bill to increase the license to Japanese fishermen from ten dollars to one hundred dollars. Another was to place a special poll tax on Japanese, notwithstanding the fact that the treaty of 1911 between the United States and Japan contains the following provision: "They shall not be compelled under any pretext whatever to pay any charges or taxes other or higher than those that are or may be paid by native citizens or subjects." Another was a bill to prevent Japanese from owning power engines, the

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purpose of this being to drive them out of the steam laundry business. If such legislation is valid, then any State can make it impossible for aliens to make a living within it, regardless of "most favored nation" clauses in our treaties with the Governments of said aliens. The fact that such bills are introduced indicates not merely a morbid condition of mind on the part of their authors, but is a reflection on the public sentiment of a community which is so far forgetful of its duties to the Union as to tolerate such cheap pettifogging on the part of its representatives.

But as yet these bills have attracted very little attention. The one which has held the centre of the stage is the alien land bill. A protest against this by the Japanese Government led the Administration to request the legislature not to pass it and the governor not to sign it, after it was passed. So much in earnest was the President in preventing any offence to the Japanese Government, or injustice to its citizens, that he sent the Secretary of State, William J. Bryan, to urge the legislature and governor to delay action in order to give the federal Government time for adjusting the matter. But though the request of the Administration was presented with force and tact, it produced no impression upon the minds of those statesmen. From their words and conduct one might conclude that the very existence of the State depended upon immediate action. In the dramatic language of Governor Johnson, "an emergency exists, which we would be blind if we did not see."

With reference to the governor's statement, let us ask ourselves certain questions. First, did an emergency exist? And, second, granting that it did, was it of such a nature that the federal Government was not quite as capable of dealing with it as the legislature of California? Or, at any rate, was it not, in the interests of international harmony, worth while to allow the federal Government an opportunity to make the attempt?

And first as to the existence of the emergency. What are the facts? The Japanese do not according to the most reliable estimates own more than 17,000 acres of land in California; an area considerably smaller than that of a single township. Nor was the area increasing at all rapidly. Neither was it likely to in-

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crease, as the number of Japanese in the United States is decreasing. A considerable portion of the land owned by the Japanese in California is owned by George Shima, whose chief offence seems to consist in his having earned the title of "potato king." This title he acquired by reason of having purchased land along the lower stretches of the San Joaquin Valley which hitherto had been considered comparatively valueless because of its being subject to overflow. This he diked and converted into very productive potato land, thereby contributing in some degree to a reduction in the high cost of living.

If a real emergency existed, that is to say if the California farmer is so inferior that he cannot compete with the alien farmer, then the logical remedy would be to pass an act forbidding all aliens to hold agricultural land in California. Such a law would have abundant precedent upon which to rest. Laws of this character are to be found in New York, in Illinois and in other States. This course was recommended to the legislature by Secretary Bryan, but it did not meet the political exigencies of the case—it did not satisfy the morbid cravings of the mob. Something spectacular and original had to be brought forth. And, above all, the Japanese had to be slapped in the face and in such a fashion that they would know that they were the ones who got slapped. This was a *sine qua non* to successful legislation.

In matters affecting foreign relations, if there is doubt as to the right of the local political unit to act, such authority owes it to the federal Government to proceed slowly, rather than hasten to act lest its excuse for action should be removed by a friendly and diplomatic adjustment of the question by the branch of the Government having charge of foreign relations. True, the act of the legislature may be tested in the federal courts and, if in violation of the treaty, its enforcement may be enjoined. This would arrest the mischief at that point, but a part of it would have been completed. The irritation would already have been caused; so that while the State would have derived no benefit, needless embarrassment and annoyance to the federal Government would have resulted. It is not clear to the lay mind why a State should display such over-anxiety to place itself in such a

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position. If, after diplomatic means have failed, it should have recourse to this as a last resort, its act could be justified, provided there was a reasonable hope of accomplishing some good by it. By virtue of its position as a State in the Union, California, in common with every other State in the Union, is under some obligations to the federal Government. And among these obligations one is to refrain from making it unnecessarily difficult for the federal Government to conduct its foreign relations, particularly where there is doubt as to the legality of action contemplated by the State.

But, assuming that there were no question as to the legal power of the State to act, there should still be a sufficient comity to impel a State to delay action when delay is asked for by the federal Government. A request by the federal Government for delay in order to give time for diplomatic negotiations looking to a friendly settlement is not such an unreasonable request that it should be flouted as though coming from one having no interest in the matter. If such comity is not to be shown, certain changes in our fundamental law will have to be made providing for a more explicit division of powers between the State and federal Governments. How long it will take to make such adjustments we cannot say. But they will have to be made; and headstrong, reckless action by the States will simply hasten the time.

The possession or fancied possession of power may be a temptation to use it. But it is not always a justification for its use. The Californians may have the power to drive all the Japanese now in that State into the sea, but it would be neither wise nor justifiable for them to do so. They might emulate the action of the mob in Louisiana which lynched a number of the citizens of a friendly state, thereby making the federal Government liable to the Italian Government for this breach of international law. The citizens of one state while lawfully residing in another state are to a certain extent the wards of the state within which they reside. This is well recognized by the political branch of our Government and has been recognized also by the judicial branch. In the case of Yick Wo vs. Hopkins, 118 U. S. 356, the Supreme Court of the United States refused to sustain the validity of an

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ordinance of the city and county of San Francisco discriminating against the Chinese, though the Supreme Court of California had held the ordinance valid.

In the incident just referred to the federal Government recognized its liability for the acts of the mob and made reparation to the families of the Italians who had been lynched, but when Italy asked that the perpetrators of the crime be punished the federal Government was forced to say that it would recommend to Louisiana that proceedings should be instituted against the mob, but that if Louisiana refused the federal Government would be powerless to comply with the request. This was an awkward and embarrassing situation and one which shows clearly a lack of adjustment in powers between State and federal Governments. It is difficult for us to explain to other states why the Government which is responsible to other states has not the power to make good this responsibility. Eventually, responsibility will have to have coupled with it the power. The federal Government must be given jurisdiction to punish offenders against treaties or recognized obligations under the rules of international law. Likewise the branch of the Government that is intrusted with the negotiation of treaties and the conduct of foreign affairs, and must be held responsible by other states, ought to have the power to see that its treaties are complied with, nor ought it to be hampered in the conduct of foreign affairs by any of its local subdivisions working at cross purposes with it.

The true explanation of this epidemic of anti-Japanese legislation in California is not to be found in any real fear that the Japanese will monopolize the agricultural lands of California or that the ownership of a part of them by Japanese will depreciate the value of adjoining lands, for it does not, as would be the case if they were slovenly farmers. As a matter of fact the Japanese increase the productiveness of lands owned by them, which tends to increase the value of adjoining lands. Neither are the Japanese laborers what can be styled cheap laborers. The Commissioner of Labor for California, Mr. Mackenzie, in his report for 1911 admits that the immigration of more Japanese would be a benefit to the State. It may as well be admitted frankly that the real explanation of the present outburst of anti-Japanese leg-

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islation is to be found in race prejudice. That this prejudice has not a sufficient reason upon which to rest matters not. Prejudices do not rest upon reason, they rest upon passion. If you ask one inoculated with the virus of race prejudice for an explanation of his actions you are met with the statement that it is *natural.* This I deny. If it were natural we should find it in children from one to ten years old, as children at that age are far more natural than older persons. Children do not draw the color line. They play as readily with children of another race as with those of their own. It is only after their conduct is governed by the conventionalities of society that they draw the color line. Race prejudice is a form of bigotry much less defensible or rational than that which afflicted the Pharisee, for the latter based his claim to superiority upon acts, not upon the accident of birth or the color of his ancestors. A due respect for the rights and feelings of others and usefulness in promoting a larger and more perfect life among those influenced by our thoughts and acts, rather than color or pedigree, constitute the only valid claim to superiority among men. Race prejudice is therefore too dim and fitful a light to guide the course of states in their relations with each other.

By some we are told that the land law against aliens "ineligible to American citizenship" would not have been passed but for the protest by the Japanese Government. This is a very lame excuse. If the legislature of the Mexican province of Chihuahua or Sonora were to attempt a legislative programme aimed at citizens of the United States similar to the anti-Japanese programme of the California legislature, the Government of the United States would not wait for the blow to fall, but would protest to the Mexican Government just as the Japanese Government protested to the Government at Washington. What are Governments for if not to safeguard the rights of their citizens? That there was a veiled threat of war in the protest, constituting a challenge which California could not honorably refuse to accept, is a creation for which we are indebted to the yellow press. The protest by the Japanese Government was dignified and diplomatic, and if not, the federal Government, not California, was the one to take exception. The federal Government has not

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yet reached the point where it needs a guardian in the conduct of its foreign relations.

Not to be given free rein in dealing with the Japanese may be irksome to California. The presence of Japanese among them may be disagreeable, may be so disagreeable that their impulse would be to proceed at once to a general deportation. It was also disagreeable for South Carolina to pay tariff duties in 1832. But while a State continues to be a member of the Union it may as well expect to bear the burdens as well as reap the advantages of that relation. By far the major part of the sympathy which California now receives comes from a section having an exalted notion of States' rights and what in the language of art would be called an over-emphasis of the importance of the color scheme.

Equally uncalled-for and equally unwise with the outburst of anti-Japanese feeling in California are the intemperate predictions of war with Japan. And unfortunately these have not been confined to the yellow press or the curbstone orator, they have been made by our representatives in Congress. I can understand why the manufacturers of munitions of war should inspire such predictions, but it is far more difficult to understand why a man holding a responsible position like Capt. Hobson should assert on the floor of the House in a speech of February 25, 1911, that the United States would be at war with Japan within twenty months. Of similar tone has been the language of Mr. Sisson, Congressman from Mississippi. Such recklessness by members of Congress is one of the most effective provocatives of war.

War between the United States and Japan is unnecessary and unlikely. The surest guarantee against it is the good sense of the two states. Neither wants war and neither can afford it. Notwithstanding sporadic outbursts on both sides, each still has confidence in the other, which makes it easy to adjust differences. It is to be hoped that the lesson taught by the present strain on international friendships will not be lost and that it will lead to a readjustment of powers between our State and federal Governments which will prevent a recurrence of such unfortunate and awkward situations.

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JOSEPHINE BUTLER AND THE ENGLISH CRUSADE

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

II

MRS. BUTLER was of Huguenot blood, a Grey of the Northumberland district of England, of fine inheritance and delicate breeding. Born in 1828, and dying in 1906, she compassed in her life of intense study and activity the whole great movement of social reform and economic change which has placed women in the centre of social concerns, and has tested democracy by new and vital demands. She married George Butler, son of the Dean of Peterborough, a well-known educator and finally a Canon of the Established Church, although of Quaker ancestry. It was an ideal union in which husband and wife shared in perfect sympathy the trials and persecutions which were a part of the cost paid for the leadership of the movement for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act. During Dr. Butler's service as public examiner at Oxford Mrs. Butler was "impressed," as she tells us, "with the one-sided masculine and semi-monastic state of feeling and judgment on many moral and social questions in that celibate place." Later, when her husband was vice-principal of Cheltenham College, their only daughter was suddenly killed before Mrs. Butler's eyes, and the effect for a while was overwhelming. From this sorrow she rallied with the determination to do more for the daughters of other mothers; and when they soon after moved to Liverpool, where Dr. Butler had a large Boys' School, her ministry to unfortunate women began. At first she and her husband took into their home the girls whom they discovered who wished to leave the practice of vice; and later they started a "House of Rest" for the incurably diseased, and an "Industrial Home" for rescue work. This gradually increasing interest in various phases of help for outcast and tempted women led Mrs. Butler to study the continental system of State Regulation, and to see, before many people had discerned it, the fallacious nature of its

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claims upon public support. "When in 1866," she tells us, "the knowledge first broke upon me that the system which I had long regarded with horror had actually found a footing in England, the depression which took possession of my mind was overwhelming."

Certain physicians, a few jurists, more clergymen, and a small company of moral reformers early became convinced of the evil involved in this new departure in England; but their statements and appeals made little stir in the press or in society at large, and were brushed aside by officials as a sentimental and nonsensical scruple. After a while it was determined to appeal directly to English women of high position and influence and get them to take a stand against the act, and Mrs. Butler was sought as one whose power of leadership and intense interest in the matter were already known. She at once began to plead with able writers and popular speakers to assume the guidance of a Crusade for Repeal, but was met on all hands by excuses and declinations. At last, "in 1869," as she has told us, "came the dreaded call which I had foreseen, to go forth myself and cry aloud. I hated the call, and it was months before I ceased, like Jonah, to flee from the face of God. My husband suffered more than I did, but at last he said, 'Go, and may God go with you.'" From that time on, Mrs. Butler spent every waking hour in the most intense devotion to this cause of English liberty as well as of English purity and humanity. Her husband accompanied her as often as he could be spared from his educational work, but she oftener went alone to meet mobs of enraged brothel-keepers and those in league with them and to encounter the scorn and ostracism of those of her own class and the bitter attacks of the public press. In the winter of 1874-75 they went to Paris, Rome, Milan and Geneva; her husband, as she endured the horrors of the innermost citadels of legalized vice, cheering her with his favorite Greek saying, "they, bearing torches, passed them on from hand to hand." This missionary trip bore fruit in the initiation of the world movement for the abolition of vice; a movement which must be recorded later in this recital. In 1882 Mr. Gladstone, who was a valiant supporter of Mrs. Butler's work, gave to Dr. Butler the canonry of Winchester and

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with that appointment came larger opportunities for public service. Dr. Butler was one of the first of a coming line of new knights, the Knights of Helpers to Women, those who sustain some great woman leader, as innumerable women for uncounted ages have sustained great men in mighty tasks. In 1890 this helper passed from Mrs. Butler's side, his last words as he wandered in mind approaching the outer mystery, "You will go with me, beloved, will you not?" And she answered, "Yes, I will"; but waited to do yet more for her sisters in bonds before laying down the burden of her lonely sorrow.

It was not until 1874, ten years after the passage of the act, that the movement for repeal took national form and enlisted the support of large numbers of influential men. But in 1869 Mrs. Butler formed the Ladies' National Association and drew around her an earnest company of women, among them Harriet Martineau, Florence Nightingale, Mary Carpenter, John Bright's wife and sisters, and two thousand other women who issued a public protest against the act. They encountered incredible abuse for this assertion of principle, being called by one honorable member of the Parliament "worse than the outcast women they defended." In 1871 Mrs. Butler published in her book *The Constitution Violated* her masterly arraignment of the Contagious Diseases Act on the ground of its attack upon the liberties of the people. This call to consider not alone the physical, but the moral and political bearings of the act, awoke great interest among lawyers, and there stepped to her side one of the great figures in jurisprudence, the Hon. Sheldon Amos, whose exhaustive analysis of *The Laws for the Regulation of Vice* was published in 1871, and remains the classic argument against such legalizing of prostitution from the point of view of the statesman and political scientist. From 1874 onward the crusade grew rapidly in volume. Parliamentary Commissions of Inquiry and Committees of Investigation were appointed and the whole matter demanded and received attention from all classes of people. The leading Quaker women, who had been in the movement from Mrs. Butler's first leadership, were early followed by the men of that sect; and a little later by the Unitarians who, though a "feeble folk," were led by that

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giant intellect, Dr. Martineau, and hence could not be ignored; next the Wesleyans and Baptists put themselves on record, and the Congregationalists followed; and last of all, the Established Church, with magnificent powers of influence, registered itself as in favor of repeal. The Salvation Army, under the magnetic guidance of General Booth, sent in an appeal to Parliament for repeal, "In the name of God and the people and the Queen Mother of the Nation," bearing the names of over three hundred thousand men and women, and making a roll two and a-half miles long. Then the tide turned, and the woman who had been obliged to alter her dress each day during the time when her printed description invited all the hoodlums of every town to ill-treat her as "the enemy of license and a mischief maker," became the recipient of compliments she quite as much disliked. Josephine Butler had no desire for public praise, and was the modest heroine as she had been the brave martyr. The Hon. John Stansfield led the repeal movement in Parliament, and was supported by leading people. In 1879 Mr. Stead's revelations demonstrated the connection between the traffic in girlhood and the licensed centres of vice; and then the crusade gathered terrible momentum from popular indignation.

In 1886 the Contagious Diseases Act was repealed after seventeen years of persistent effort on the part of the "Purity Party," as it was called.

One element in this struggle stands out most prominently, and that is the part played by the wage-earning class. Mrs. Butler early learned that appeal must be made to the fathers and mothers of the poor, and therefore morally exposed, girls who suffered most from all such one-sided legislation. And when bishops and lords and all the social leadership to which she was herself allied by birth and breeding turned the back upon her cause, and, as she says, "seemed to hate me, as if I imagined the dreadful things I had seen and heard and told in God's name," the common people heard her gladly. An association of laboring men was formed to work for repeal and numbered many thousands in its ranks, having special propaganda and its own published organ. When the high and mighty joined the ranks of the reform, therefore, more was accomplished than

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their mere alliance with the cause, although that was much,—the new accession to the reform party gave sign of a new union of rich and poor, honored and humble, wise and unlearned, in a common moral effort. Mrs. Butler's unerring instinct led her toward that new social appeal which is now regimenting all mankind not by classes but by ideals, not by outward conditions but by inward convictions. The history of the English experience in the later forms of license of vice and the abolition of that legislation proves for all time, for any civilization fibred upon Anglo-Saxon love of personal liberty and sense of equality of rights, that the solution of the difficult problem of public dealing with vice begins with a process of rigid elimination. Certain forms of solution are forbidden in advance before we can really attack possible reforms of the social evil. These are:

1. The attempt to crush out vice by despotic and cruel punishments of individuals.

2. The exposure of little girls to outrage by "Age of Consent Laws" which fail to give protection to weakness and innocence.

3. The alliance of the State with the traffic in womanhood through toleration of the brothel as an institution always demanding such traffic and always securing it.

4. Any form of "license," "permission," "tacit consent" or undercurrent "allowance" which makes the State a partner in vice and all the people accessory to evil.

5. The defrauding of any class, even of women who are believed or even proved to be unchaste, of common human rights safeguarded for all other members of society in the fundamental law of democratic nations.

When these futile and unrighteous attempts at solution are swept aside by enlightened public sentiment, society may rationally and humanely move in the direction of Chrysostom's demand to "make all men pure and all women brave" in a constructive effort to raise spiritually the standard of living.

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THE JAPANESE ON OUR FARMS

KIYOSHI K. KAWAKAMI

THE source from which Japanese immigrants are drawn is the agricultural population. The Japanese, small as his country is, is essentially the son of the soil. In the days of feudalism the farmer ranked next only to the samurai in the social scale. This exaltation of the agricultural class was due to various circumstances. In the first place, peculiar moral conceptions, more or less prevalent in all countries before the advent of the industrial era, kept commerce in abeyance and assigned an unenviable position to the merchants. Commerce meant bargaining, and bargaining could not be completely dissociated from chicanery and prevarication. So the samurai looked down with contempt upon traffic and traffickers, and deliberately nurtured scorn for money and the arts of money-making. Toward the farmer, however, his attitude was different. To him farming was one productive pursuit which could be free from sordid phases of commerce.

In the second place, the policy of exclusion adopted under the old régime resulted in the commercial, as well as political, isolation of the island nation. Thus obliged to become self-supporting, the country necessarily attached great importance to the men who tilled the soil and produced the daily necessaries of life. Moreover, the samurai, to be able to devote himself to the cultivation of martial arts and to a career of conquest, had to rely upon the farmer for the supply of provision for himself and for his retainers.

Toward the last days of the military régime Japan enjoyed a period of peace of almost three centuries, uninterrupted by any serious warfare. Thus freed from the waste of war the country witnessed an unprecedented increase of population. And yet its doors were closed not only to those who rapped at them from without, but to those who wished to unlock them from within. With emigration forbidden, with the importation of foreign commodities placed under a ban, and with the group of small islands offering but one-twelfth of its total area for culti-

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vation, how did Japan manage to secure enough food-stuff to feed her ever-increasing population? Only by developing farming into a state of perfection. Of the science of agriculture, as the term is understood in our modern age, she knew but little, but the experience of centuries taught her how to wrest from the earth all that it could yield without impoverishing the soil. Thus agriculture was invested with the dignity of a fine art, and men who embraced the occupation were regarded not as mere tillers of the soil but as gentlemen with a keen sense of honor and self-respect. They were not even at liberty to quit their vocation and join the mercantile class, for this would mean a lowering of their prestige and the impairment of their dignity.

Looked upon as a most important element in the body politic, the farmer of old Japan was nevertheless simple of heart and almost unconscious of the high esteem in which he was held. Frugal, contented, industrious, and devoted to the hearth, he was not unlike the Swiss farmer of whom Goldsmith sang:

> "Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
> Breathes the keen air as he goes.
> At night returning, every labor sped
> He sits him down the monarch of a shed,
> Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
> His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze."

The abolition of feudalism afforded him a greater opportunity and wider fields of activity. The new régime removed the circumstances which kept his aspirations unawakened, and the farmer was now free not only to carve out his own career but to seek fortune beyond the narrow precincts of his native land. With the inauguration of a local self-government three decades ago he became as important a factor in the political as in the economic life of the country.

This, then, is the sort of population from which most Japanese immigrants to these shores are derived. It is, therefore, but natural that the Japanese in America should show strong preference for farming and farm labor in spite of the great difficulties which they must experience in adjusting themselves to a method of agriculture totally foreign to them. In the past few years many well educated young men from Japan

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have taken to farming. Some of these Japanese even studied in college. As farmers such "tenderfoots" may not, at first at any rate, be as successful as those settlers who are inured to farm life from their childhood, but have had no opportunity to receive modern education. Yet in the long run these educated Japanese agriculturists will prove more valuable assets to this country, because of their intelligence, their adaptability, their ability to imbibe American ideas and adopt American customs.

California is of course the chief field of activity for Japanese farmers, but in almost every State whose agricultural resources are yet comparatively little exploited, Japanese have taken up farms. In 1912 they owned 31,812 acres of farm land and leased 225,046 acres. Distributed among various States the figures are as follows:

	Owned.	Leased.
California	17,763	172,512
Colorado	525	15,997
Idaho	.....	12,174
Texas	10,390	2,330
Washington	.....	12,136
Utah	123	5,659
Oregon	1,892	2,033
Nebraska	.....	1,189
New York	603	325
Florida	364	120
Other States	152	571
Total	31,812	225,046

It is estimated that about 41,000 Japanese, equivalent to some sixty per cent. of the entire Japanese population in continental United States, are engaged in agriculture. Of this total farming population about 5,000 are independent farmers while the remaining 36,000 are farm-hands employed by their compatriots or by American farmers. Even as the Jew takes to the clothing trades, and the Italian to various mercantile businesses, so the Japanese shows peculiar preference for agricultural industries. In California, he is mostly engaged in potato, bean, beet,

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onion, and fruit culture; in Washington and Oregon his chief interest is in orchard and dairy ranches; in Texas he is almost exclusively engaged in the culture of rice; in Idaho and Colorado he finds the sugar beet industry most profitable; and in Florida he has begun to raise pineapples. On the outskirts of some of the larger cities on the Pacific Coast he has become a factor in truck gardening. In Seattle and Los Angeles in particular his garden products are important features in the public markets in point of both quantity and quality. At San Francisco he operates one of the largest nurseries on the Pacific Coast.

In Idaho and Washington the Japanese, while doing considerable farming, own no land. This is because those two States have not permitted foreigners to own land. In the spring of 1913, however, the State of Idaho enacted a new land law, extending the right of land ownership to all aliens, Japanese not excluded, while the State of Washington revised its laws so that all foreigners are entitled to own urban land, though it still denies them the right to own rural land. It seems not without significance that these States adopted new laws without making any discrimination against the Japanese, just at the time when the California legislature was straining all its nerves to enact a law especially directed against the Japanese in the matter of land ownership. Indeed some of the sponsors for the anti-Japanese land bills in California volunteered to counsel the legislators of the neighboring States to follow the example they had set, and adopt a law depriving the Japanese of the right of land ownership. Oregon made no response; Idaho and Washington repudiated their advice by passing a law in favor of the Japanese.

Apart from such a magical catchword as "America for Americans," or "California for Californians," there is no plausible reason for prohibiting the Japanese from acquiring land. Such arguments as are advanced by the authors of anti-Japanese measures have already been exploded. They argue that the Japanese does not know how to care for the soil, so that a farm worked by him for a few years becomes practically worthless. This is a calumny pure and simple. The Japanese, instead of ruining good soil, enriches a poor one, redeems waste

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land, and renovates impoverished farms. Back in his old country he never heard of such a thing as an abandoned farm, and he is bewildered to learn that in our Eastern States there are countless farms whose soils have been so impoverished that few care to cultivate them. No, the Japanese cannot afford to abandon any farm, once he settles upon it. If he migrated from one section to another, deserting the old farm and taking up the new, as do many of our farmers, he would soon have to stand upon the brink of the ocean—so small is his country. The habit of intensive cultivation, which he must perforce acquire in such a country, he naturally brings with him to the new country whither he emigrates. It is therefore but natural that the Japanese farmers in California should show unique skill and fastidiousness in cultivating their lands. Because of the care which they lavish on the soil, the farm rented to a Japanese commands an unusually high price. This fact is unreservedly recognized in the special report on the Japanese prepared a few years ago by the Commissioner of Labor of California, Mr. J. D. MacKenzie. The charge that the Japanese abuse the soil finds no indorsement either in the annual report of the Bureau of Labor of California or in the voluminous reports of the United States Immigration Commission of which Senator Dillingham was Chairman.

Where the Japanese goes into farming on a rather small scale, utilizing the skill which he had acquired in his native country, he is generally successful. Not a few of them, however, have caught the "get-rich-quick" spirit of the strenuous West, and have embarked upon an agricultural enterprise of a speculative nature for which they have neither experience nor means. Such undertakings, except in a few cases, resulted in failure. True, there is George Shima, the Japanese "potato king," who cultivates year after year six to ten thousand acres of potatoes. But Shima is a solitary figure. He has played the game with success because he had a strong financial backing. Such bonanza farming as was common in the earlier days of California is abnormal, and it seems desirable that the Japanese should adopt more conservative methods and practise farming on a modest scale.

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It has been contended that when a Japanese settles on a farm it always results in the lowering of price of the adjoining farms, because the white farmers do not desire to live in his neighborhood. Facts do not countenance such contentions. In the first place, the Japanese have in most cases settled or worked on undeveloped lands, whose fertility was problematical and whose price was naturally very low. They clear such lands and convert them into highly productive farms. The land about Fresno is of sandy soil and was long regarded as almost worthless. Moreover in the interior of California the winters are rigorous and the summers intensely hot, and the people who were accustomed to the milder climate of its coast territory did not care to settle in the neighborhood of Fresno. But the Japanese were induced to come, and the country soon became rich with raisins and wines. To the Japanese Fresno is indebted for its general prosperity and for the high price which its farm land now commands.

At Florin, not far from Sacramento, it was also the Japanese who utilized the poorest lands in the vicinity and converted them into profitable strawberry gardens. The low lands in the Sacramento Valley are damp and unhealthy, and in consequence remained long undeveloped. Again the Japanese were brought in, and the section now virtually flows with milk and honey.

In Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Texas, and in almost every State where the Japanese is engaged in agriculture, it is much the same story. He often creates the value of land as he increases it. Where he enters into farming in a country already well developed he is usually on friendly terms with his white neighbors. Whatever the sentiment of urban communities toward their Japanese population, in the countryside there is little ill-feeling between the Japanese and American farmers. Where there is any ill-feeling the fault can in many cases be traced to the doors of white farmers, as I shall presently show.

At the same time it must be admitted that most Japanese farmers, like their compatriots in the city, are not yet in a position to cultivate a refined taste. Their dwellings are not yet what they can be proud of, and their modes of living show little refinement, though they are fastidious and even extravagant both as to food and clothing. But no Japanese will admit that

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this is to be their ultimate condition. So far from it, they are ambitious not only to acquire wealth but to elevate their social standing. Eager to learn English, they are even more anxious to utilize the knowledge of the language they acquired in their efforts to understand our institutions and customs. When the hardships and trials inevitable in the initial stage of their undertakings are passed there is no doubt that they will emerge from their present state of life. Time is not yet far back when even the Irish, among whom there are to-day talents and geniuses America may well be proud of, lived in an infelicitous condition which their American neighbors made an object of ridicule and sarcasm. We used to sing:

> "There is a pig in the parlor,
> And that is Irish, too."

The pig has made an exit from the parlor of the Irishman, and in his place have appeared a piano, a talking machine, and a set of tasteful furniture. There is no reason why the Japanese should not go through similar stages of evolution. It is only some fifteen years since the Japanese started farming in this country, and it is unreasonable to expect them to live as the older settlers of other races live.

The anti-Japanese agitators argue that the Japanese can live almost for nothing. The fact is that it costs the Japanese just as much to live as it costs any other people in the corresponding class. The trouble with the Japanese is that he is, in a sense, a poor manager of household economy. Most Japanese are not satisfied with American diet alone, and to cater to their whimsical palates they loosen the purse strings for exotic edibles imported from their native country. Including duties and the cost of transportation the price of such food-stuffs is exorbitant. When they marry their wives demand flowing Japanese gowns as well as close-fitting American dresses. What is more serious, neither they nor their helpmeets know how to utilize for table such materials as can be easily obtained on the farm. If the Japanese farmer suppresses his peculiar craving for imported food-stuffs and learns to satisfy his palate with common American dishes—if his wife, like the wives of American farmers, knows how to

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cure ham, churn butter, convert sour milk into breads and cakes, and cook eggs in a hundred and one wonderful ways, his cost of living will be greatly reduced. Then the money thus saved could go a long way toward the improvement of his dwelling.

I have purposely referred to the unsatisfactory condition of the houses occupied by Japanese farmers, because during my trip through the farming districts of the Sacramento Valley I was greatly disappointed with such houses. They are not houses but huts. In such places as Walnut Grove, Isleton, Grand Island, and Courtland, I found the conditions especially bad. In these places, as in many another section, the Chinese preceded the Japanese as farmhands or tenants. To quarter them the landlords put up camps, the cheapest possible structures that lumber and nails could build. Never painted and invariably of unplaned lumber, these structures are far less attractive than the corn cribs or hay barns which are commonly seen in the farm country of the Middle West. When the Japanese came to take the place of Chinese, they were naturally given the same camps which their predecessors had vacated. Upon entering these dreary camps one still finds mementoes of their former tenants in the numerous pieces of red paper, containing monotonous Chinese characters signifying "wealth, good luck, and longevity," and pasted at random on the walls, on the doors, and even on the ceilings.

"Why don't you scrape off these hideous symbols of Mammon, and paint the walls and make the house look a bit more decent?" I said to many of the Japanese farmers I talked with.

"Oh, it's no use," they would always reply; "it's impossible to paint those rough boards. We won't live in such miserable shacks forever, we expect to build some day somewhere."

"Somewhere?" I queried; "why not build here at once? You have been here long enough to save enough to put up a modest farmhouse."

"Because the place doesn't belong to us. We are just tenants and our term of lease is never longer than a year or two. And besides, you know what the labor unions at San Francisco and the politicians at Sacramento are talking about us year in year out. We may have to get out any time. Why should we invest

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anything in this old ramshackle building? Our money is hard earned, every penny of it, it would be rank foolishness to waste it as you suggest, when we don't know what is going to become of us next year. As well dump it in the mud! If our position were legally secure, why that is different."

It was extremely unfortunate that the Japanese came after the Chinese. The Chinese was submissive to the point of servility. He was easy to satisfy, and was happy sleeping and eating in his dismal camp. Had there not been in existence thousands of such huts vacated by the Chinese and waiting for new tenants, the Japanese might have built more respectable dwellings. The presence of the Chinese, moreover, had instilled in the bosoms of the Californians irremovable prejudice against all Oriental peoples. They had got the notion that Asiatics must come to their country, if they were to come at all, only to hew wood and draw water for them, and not to become independent and self-reliant. As long as, therefore, the Japanese walked in the footsteps of the Chinese and showed no desire for independence, they were tolerated and even praised. But once the little brown men showed their mettle, Californians heaped upon them vituperations and slanders which they did not deserve. What success the Japanese farmers have achieved is due to naught but their perseverance, their temperance, their willingness to work. As Miss Alice Brown, for thirty-five years a resident of Florin, says, "the very fact that the Japanese is an industrious being and a highly successful producer gives white farmers spasms of alarm. 'They are taking our homes' is the woeful wail, which means that the slothful must get to work. So, in their blindness, they would destroy the productivity of the Japanese and return to the past status of barren fields that their meagre and inferior product would meet no competition. It is blind, selfish greed that recognizes only self as a factor in the world's struggle. It is ignorance and inhumanity that does not consider the larger whole."

What I have said about the mode of living of Japanese farmers may furnish anti-Japanese agitators a pretext for restricting their rights. The Japanese, they argue, do not spend their earnings on American merchandise but buy Japanese goods,

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thus benefiting little the community in which they live. Ah! the old theory of the pennywise. As a matter of fact, the Japanese patronizes American stores more than he patronizes Japanese dealers. But even if he sent all his profits to his native country, what of that? His value to the community would still be considerable.

Take, for example, the case of Florin, which has been cited by the anti-Japanese legislators at Sacramento as a pretext for the need of laws discriminating against the Japanese. In the neighboring region of Florin the soil is a shallow bedrock, abounding in sloughs. The land has to be irrigated by means of well water conducted through ditches. Because of the great amount of money and labor required in the boring of wells and the levelling of land for irrigation, there was but little inducement for the white farmer, though the soil, with adequate preparation, was especially adapted to grapes and strawberries. Before the advent of the Japanese, the country was poor, its output of fruits being extremely meagre. The vast fields had been sowed to grain, but the fertility of the soil was so limited that each succeeding year decreased the yield until the grain industry was no longer profitable. Thus the land was permitted to lie idle, but when the Japanese came in its owners saw a chance to turn it into a profit, offering it to them on yearly payments for a price they never would have obtained from the white investor. In a year's time the barren fields were changed into attractive berry gardens. With their usual foresight the Japanese plant grape vines along with strawberries, so that when the three years' life of the strawberry ceases a productive vineyard takes its place. Their vines are robust and their berry plants luxuriant, and in comparison with them those raised by the white farmers look sadly neglected. The Japanese spare no pains in their efforts to improve the quality of their produce, knowing that the best quality brings the highest price.

And to-day Florin boasts of shipping $150,000 worth of strawberries annually. The shipment of grapes is also large. Who created this profitable industry but the Japanese? He it was who put Florin on the map, a tiny sleepy town up to fourteen years ago. The opponents of the Japanese naturally ask:

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"What becomes of this money that the Japanese get?" The answer is given by an American resident of Florin. He informs me that the Japanese strawberry growers of Florin annually pay the express company from $15,000 to $20,000. Then, the production of strawberries valued at $150,000 must confer a considerable profit upon the boxmakers, besides giving employment to the millhands. The railroad, too, shares in the grower's profit, while the well-borer and the engine man are paid high wages. Finally, the storekeeper sells the Japanese growers and their employees provisions and sundry articles, for these eclectic folk from the Orient are no more satisfied with Japanese articles alone than they are satisfied with American goods—they have to have both. Last but not least, the local banker, who is always willing to advance cash for the Japanese, has due share in the profitable industry. No industry can be carried on without due investment. Farming means expenditure as well as profit-making. He indeed must be blind who fails to see that a strawberry industry of $150,000 confers a great benefit upon the community in which that industry is carried on.

We think ill of the Russians because they ill-treat the Jews. The Jewish problem in Russia is a problem arising out of the contact of a wonderfully alert and adroit race with a peculiarly phlegmatic, dull people. The Russian peasants, ignorant and guileless, usually go to the wall when confronted with the *finesse* of the shrewd Jews whose characteristic business methods are too well known to require a comment. The Japanese question in California presents a totally different aspect. Here the relations of the Japanese with the white farmers are not relations between two races separated from each other by a chasm of intellectual discrepancy. Intellectually both, I believe, stand on a par; there is neither inferiority nor superiority between them. The American, however, has the advantage over the Japanese in that he is conversant with English and is familiar with the farming methods and tools employed in this country. In the stratagems of bargaining, too, the American is, on the whole, more than the equal of the Japanese. I would be the last man to accept without much qualification such sweeping assertions as are made by Miss Alice Brown as to the relative moral integrity of the Japanese

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and American, but her words are worth hearing. Says this resident of Florin:

"It is the whites that bear the record of shame and dishonor in dealing with the Japanese. It is no disgrace to swindle them in their ignorance, to sell them a worthless horse as a perfect animal for a round sum, to unload worthless things on them for a big price, and to overcharge them at every turn. It is these very same white tricksters who denounce the Japanese when they are foiled in their own game; for the Japanese are an alert, brainy people, and they soon learn a means for self-defence. When they can no longer be exploited they are dishonest. It is the same old story of greed and the unscrupulous factor in the white man."

It is untiring industry and unwavering perseverance, and these alone, which crown Japanese enterprise with success where the white farmer reaps a failure. And yet are we to blame the Japanese in order to exonerate the indolent or shiftless whites, and connive at the oppression and persecution perpetrated in our midst, we who gallantly championed the cause of an abused race under the flag of another Government?

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THE OLD MAID

SARA TEASDALE

I SAW her in a Broadway car,
The woman I might grow to be;
I felt my lover look at her
And then turn suddenly to me.

Her hair was dull and drew no light,
And yet its color was as mine;
Her eyes were strangely like my eyes,
Tho' love had never made them shine.

Her body was a thing grown thin,
Hungry for love that never came;
Her soul was frozen in the dark,
Unwarmed forever by love's flame.

I felt my lover look at her
And then turn suddenly to me—
His eyes were magic to defy
The woman I shall never be.

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HER CHILD

MARGARET WIDDEMER

"WHAT has happened to you out in the woods, Anna?" asked her sister Helen. "You look perfectly happy!"

Anna laughed as she threw down her burden of scarlet and gold-colored leaves.

"Nothing at all," she answered gaily. "Isn't it strange? I've felt just this way all the afternoon: as though everything always had been right and always would be. Perhaps it's the October weather. There was the most gorgeous wind outside, all scented with burning leaves, and such bright little stars coming through; and down by the bridge there was the reddest maple I ever saw."

Helen and her mother looked at Anna in a little dismay. She had not seemed so natural or so light-hearted and content since the spring, when her engagement to Neil had been broken, no one knew by whom or why. It had been one of those engagements of which people say, with a feeling of romantic pleasure that something in this world is as it should be, "They always were made for each other." Anna and her lover had grown up together in their little town, comrades and inseparables since childhood. Their marriage would have been a pleasant fulfilment, to their world, of long, quiet years of promise; a happy ending to a pretty story. Anna had been a little quiet since the story had stopped in incompleteness, a little shadowed. And to have to tell her this now, when she stood there, flushed and wind-tossed, the very incarnation of youth and joy and lightness of heart!

Anna caught her breath at their frightened silence.

"But has something happened to you?" she asked.

"Nothing special," said her mother with a forlorn effort at lightness: only things of the feelings were of such old-fashioned moment in that feminine household, and she loved Anna so watchfully! "Only that Neil Winter is married."

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Color and expression seemed to have been wiped out of the face Anna raised, but she spoke very quietly.

"Neil? Married?" she said. "And the strange thing is—I don't seem to care."

She smiled stiffly. The dog, in the sudden silence that dropped again, barked and sprang up to her hand, and she patted him.

"Would you like to go upstairs, dear?" her mother asked hesitatingly. Anna looked wonderingly at her.

"Why, no!" she said. "There's no reason why I should."

She sat steadily through their dinner, talking as steadily. Her mother and sister answered her as bravely and naturally as they could, but it was very hard, for her voice was like a dead girl's—as toneless and impersonal. When at last she made some conventional little excuse and went upstairs they drew a breath of relief, though her sister rose to follow her. The mother motioned her back.

Anna, alone in her little white and blue room with its trailing, childishly pretty violets over walls and bed and hangings, stood gripping the window-casing, waiting for the floods to break and cover her. She had always been a creature more of feeling than of intellect, gentle, old-fashioned, with a genius for loving: and, as it is apt to be with girls brought up in a household of women, she was a little given to sentiment and romantic dreaming. There was no sentiment or dream left now that her mind could wrap itself in, and she felt cold and unclad.

She had told the truth when she said that she did not seem to care. Toward Neil she felt nothing at all. She realized only an immense, icy resentment toward whatever unnamed force had made this thing happen. Her lover had tired of her. That was something no one but herself would ever know certainly. Why he had tired of her Anna knew to-night. She could not be angry at him, any more than at herself. He had not willed to do as he had done. Her bitterness was toward those powers, playing with them and with the unknown girl, those irresponsible world-forces which had allowed so brutal a thing, so twisted a thing, to happen.

"I always dealt fairly with the world," she said aloud. "I

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always loved it, and most of the people in it. I always loved Neil. He and I have always been *one*. We belong to each other. We always will. It was out of nature that he should go from me—why, he had been a part of me for fifteen years, ever since we were little children! . . . He was not wicked. He would have gone on caring if he could. He could do nothing else but marry the strange girl if he loved her and was tired of me. But it is not right—it is cruel and twisted—I have done *nothing*—nothing but love the man I belonged to. . . . Presently, when this frozenness is gone, I shall suffer horribly. All the while I am suffering I shall see mother and Helen watching me and pitying me and suffering too. And the best I can hope for is that some day when my capacity for feeling is burnt out I shall marry some man—some strange man I was not meant for. Oh, it is not right—it is not right!"

Her mind fought terribly, desperately, as if with powers and principalities, against the undeserved weight of torture it foresaw; dreading it as one dreads pain when the effect of some deadening drug shall have worn away. Presently her powers of concentration flagged, exhausted. Her body was exhausted, too, by the moveless struggle. She crouched on the floor, a slender, lax figure, waiting for the horror to flood her.

Little by little the sick, icy feeling around her physical heart relaxed, but instead of it came no horror, as she had expected. There closed around her cringing mind a sense of her lover's nearness: of that oneness with the beloved which is the closest thing of love.

"Oh," she whispered half-aloud, "if he had died I would think he had come back to me!"

She tried to force against her mind the knowledge that this was his wedding-night—that he was married to another woman. It had no effect. The close, loving wall as of his presence held about her, and with it presently there came a soft happiness, a happiness which had been his and hers sometimes when they were most near to each other.

She rose finally and turned the light on full, and, leaning forward, regarded herself curiously in the glass. The face she

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saw was all flushed and lighted with joy again, as it had been in the woods alone that afternoon.

"Yes," she said wonderingly, "I must be mad for a little while. I always knew that I loved Neil very much more than most girls love men. I suppose that is why the shock of this to-night has done something to my brain. . . . Doubtless the realization will come soon enough. Meanwhile it is very pleasant to be so happy. I wonder when the suffering will begin."

For a while she sat dreaming. Then she went lightly and serenely to her mother and sister in the living-room below.

Late that night her mother tiptoed into the little flowered room in the moonlight, and stooped above the bed. Anna lay sleeping quietly, half-smiling like a child, with one slender arm flung out. The hand was flexed as if it held another hand.

Anna had expected to wake to that dreadfulness which comes to the grief-stricken mind in the early morning, before it is freed enough from sleep to brace itself against pain. She wakened instead to peace and lightness. She remembered that Neil was married, but it seemed an insignificant thing, scarcely concerning her. The one great and real fact in life was still his enfolding presence, and her own very great and happy love for him. Her people heard her come singing down the stairs, and said secretly, "She could not have really cared for him so much, after all!"

She went singing so through the next few months. One day she passed a girl on the street with the same light on her face that she saw in her own glass at home. She knew the girl a little, and remembered having heard that she was lately married—a bride. So that was what she felt herself, she realized suddenly—like a bride! It was bride-joy that made her days so bright, and all the world a rose-colored matter for laughter. . . . And still time went on, and still there was no ending! And gradually something else came to her, a vague added joy that she could not define. One day it defined itself. She was sitting crocheting, beginning a shawl for her mother. The work was mechanical, and she was not looking at it, nor thinking of it as the needle flew in and out. When she looked down she saw

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that instead of the straight rows of the shawl a tiny, half-finished woollen shoe lay under her fingers. Then she knew what the added rapture had been, and after that her days were like a prayer.

"I will *know*," her mind said to its inward certainty; "I will know, soon, whether this is madness. Some one will hear something from where Neil is, and I shall know."

She was aware that if she should hear that incredible thing it would not seem a surprise, nor at all incredible. Nor was it. Her sister told her on a day when she stood with a rejoicing heart by the window. Anna, turning a face that had all the light of the morning on it, answered unthinkingly, "Yes, Helen —I know."

"*Know!*" cried her sister—— "But how could you?"

"I spoke without thinking," said Anna gently, turning back to the summer sunlight, and relaxing herself again to the utter, unreasoning gladness that drenched her, soul and body. Her soul clasped the child's soul close.

She found herself planning happily how she would show the baby the golden-glow in late August. . . . If you spread the old gray blanket-shawl down on the grass. . . . Her mother called to her, and she went. Her soul, transcendress of time and space and circumstance, held the child's soul close still.

Late that day she went alone and tried to think it all out. That little flesh and blood thing out somewhere far off was in some strange way present with her, her very own. The vision —impression—obsession—there was no word that exactly described the thing—was proved a reality to the satisfaction of her wistful heart. Her soul, wise, inscrutable lady, was still and content in an old knowledge. Only her restless, questioning mind thought:

"So there really is a child. And the time of its birth corresponds with the knowledge I had. . . . We loved each other very deeply, Neil and I. I love him so deeply now, it seems, that our minds are close still."

Then her heart laughed.

"What use to reason it out?" it said. "I am happier than I ever thought I could be. I have the thought of him close—

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close to me! And I have my baby. Even if I am mad no one can know. It does no harm." There flitted across her brain a scrap of Fiona Macleod, to the effect that the soul goes its own way, unknown and unknowing. It may be happy while the mind and body are most miserable, or suffering when body and mind are most gay. And it seemed to Anna suddenly that this was so, and that to every soul on earth there is a particular way appointed. In the tangle of things the little matters we call realities are twisted sometimes, and, as when Neil flung her away from him and married, go otherwise than as they should. Yet the souls go on their appointed way, in some fourth dimension, unknown to the distressed minds and bodies that are locked fast by Space and Time. So at the end, when there are only souls left alive, there is no tangle of loving or of wronging to be straightened. Everything has always been right—somewhere.

Neil and she belonged together, two halves of a perfect whole. The child was meant to be theirs. And somehow, Anna believed, her soul had been given grace to comfort, and to explain this to her perplexed, resenting mind and her longing body. Perhaps it was that her passionate resistance, the night of his marriage, had torn some veil of sense. . . . She smiled, and held her child closer.

"There is no use wondering," she said. "If I am mad it cannot be helped, and it is a most blessed madness! And if I have been allowed to tear a little hole in the curtain of Time and Space and Reality—I'm of all women most fortunate. If only it does not go!"

It did not go. Summer slid into autumn, and she carried her child out and showed it the tall hedges of golden-glow. She grew able to feel, at times, actual physical pressure of a little head against her breast or shoulder. She knew most clearly what it was like in half-dusk alone. It had Neil's wide, mirthful gray-black eyes in a delicately-pointed baby-face like her own. It was called Doris—the name she and Neil had cared most for.

Sometimes she thought a little about the child out there where Neil was—if it was named Doris, and if it had Neil's eyes. She never was able to think long of it, for always there

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would come the pressure of child-arms about her neck, or a sudden rush of the feeling of Neil's presence.

Her dual life went placidly on: an outward girl-life with its little gaieties and little duties, and the inward soul-life of the wife and mother. This last, shining through, came to be something that people noticed and could not quite understand. The very real serenity and constant sincerity of joyousness that were so evidently hers are not common things. She was like a light, they said, and loved her.

There came, among others, a man who loved her. He was stronger and kinder and wiser than Neil, her people said—a better man in every way. At last it seemed to her that she should marry him. She was not clever or modern, she knew. Her only talent was a capacity for loving: an instinct for the duties of wifehood and motherhood, and for being, in one of the old-fashioned phrases which came most readily to one's mind on seeing her, "the light of a household."

So one night she sat with him, on the wide old porch, and hearing him ask her to marry him, intended to say yes. It was wisest. At any time the dream might slip away, and leave her shivering, unclad of love.

She had forgotten that it was always out on the porch in the dusk that the child was most vividly with her. It sat on the wide arm of the rocker, and she was holding it. She felt the little hands clinging to her, and even the roughness of a shoulder-knot against her cheeks. Its curls blew a little in the light breeze. It was watching the stranger with baby wonder—it had never seemed so real.

She forgot her new lover and what he was saying, until a change in his voice arrested her. Its tone was lower and more reverent.

"I think it was a certain Madonna-look you have that I loved first," he was saying. "In spite of your slightness and your childlike ways, you have always seemed to me the very incarnation of motherhood. I always think of you with a child in your arms."

Anna cried out suddenly.

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"Oh, no, no, no!" she said pitifully over and over again, as if he had hurt her. "Oh, no, no, no!"

A child in her arms! She knew that he saw it as *his* child. She knew, too, suddenly and irrevocably, that so long as her vision-child dwelt with her, and the feeling of Neil's presence surrounded her, there could be no other children, no other man.

Then she heard the man with her pleading with her to forgive him for what he had said. He should have remembered, he said, what a child she was, and how innocent a child-mind was hers.

Anna felt the child clasp itself closer. She lifted her face to him bravely.

"It is not that. I am not a child, and I wasn't angry. Only —I can't marry. I don't think I can ever marry anyone. I cared for some one once, and I feel as if I belonged to him still. It doesn't make me feel badly. I'm—very happy, always. Only I can never marry anyone as long as I feel so."

She could hear him pleading with her a little longer, but she did not seem able to be interested. She was sorry for him, vaguely, but he and all he said seemed very far away. Presently he went. Anna sat still a little longer on the porch in the dusky, scented air, rocking the child and dreaming.

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THE VAUDEVILLE AGENT

CAROLINE CAFFIN

IN accordance with the saying "nothing venture nothing win," the Little Authoress determined to try to place her one-act play on the stage of vaudeville. Besides, what is the use of having friends of importance in the theatrical world if one's own ventures must languish in obscurity? So, armed with an introduction from one of the truly influential, she invaded the office of a vaudeville agent.

A hum of voices was audible as soon as she got off the elevator and the turn of the passage brought her into sight of groups of twos and threes, men and women and dogs, engaged in animated conversation. The largest group stood just outside an open door, bearing the name which was written on the Little Authoress's letter of introduction and leading to the outer office, or waiting room.

The Little Authoress passed through the door and found the outer office full of vivid, highly accentuated people of a type not familiar. True, she could remember seeing occasional specimens drifting up and down Broadway; but she had not believed there existed in the whole city as many, all told, as were now included in this room. A gorgeousness and lavishness characterized their garments, except where they displayed a skimpiness which was specially designed. There was certainly not a petticoat in the room except her own. On closer inspection an idea gradually grew in the Little Authoress's mind that none of the gorgeous clothes were new and that most of them had been slept in.

The complexions of the women, however, were mostly brand new; so was the color of much of their hair. Little tight ringlets, obviously pinned on, abounded, and lips were made to taste. The Little Authoress found herself wondering how they recognized each other from day to day. There was less of newness about the men; even their beards and collars dated at least from yesterday. But they were in their own way as vivid and accentuated as the women. Not as to lips and tresses, but in flam-

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ing ties, fantastic hats, resonant voices and abundant play of gesture.

Everyone seemed very much at home and called everyone else by first name. There were some chairs placed around the wall, and if those who were weary could find no better place to sit, sometimes they sat on these. But a table, window ledge, office desk or radiator was decidedly preferable. There was a reason, as the Little Authoress afterward discovered; but, not being of the initiated, she seated herself inconspicuously on a chair.

After a little while she observed a young man who came and went through a door marked "Private," and politely bade a shrill-voiced blonde to "chase yourself, kiddo," in order that he might occupy a desk on which she had enthroned herself. Assuming he was a clerk or office boy or some other prominent official, the Little Authoress stepped over to his desk and intrusted him with her letter of introduction to Mr. Marmaduke McDonald, the agent. The young man, who had pale red hair and a pale blue eye and yesterday's beard and collar, regarded the missive languidly and laid it unopened on his desk as he nodded rather wearily. He then proceeded with some writing, exchanging pleasantries with the other occupants of the room. Presently he arose and went toward the door marked Private, and from her inconspicuous seat the Little Authoress noticed that he carried her letter with him.

"He will return and conduct me to Mr. Marmaduke McDonald," the Little Authoress assured herself, and from her inconspicuous seat she watched the assembly, which seemed to gather and disperse without cause or purpose. But instead of the Pale Red Youth there now bounced out of the inner office a small Egg-Shaped Person, with a curved nose and black lashless eyes, gleaming behind eyeglasses, and a hat well on the back of his head. Everybody shouted at him as he passed and a few seemed to try to intercept him. But his eye was fixed on some distant point and he seemed unaware of the obstacles which intervened. In his small mouth a large cigar seemed to be permanently fixed and his drooping underlip repressed a smile, half tolerant, half derisive. Betraying no consciousness of the other

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occupants of the room, he went straight to a fuzzy-haired man and spoke to him a few short, quick sentences, emphasized with considerable hand action and a final shrug of dismissal. As he turned his back and started again for the door marked Private, a girl with black eyes and a row of crisp little ringlets showing beneath her hat rim stood directly in front of him. His hat remained unmolested on his head as he answered her in a couple of words. Then he dived again for the inner office, ignoring the cries and avoiding attempts to reach him. At the very door he was successfully intercepted by a flabby youth in a green suit whom he dismissed curtly as he closed the door in his face. The three to whom he had spoken soon left the office.

No one else seemed disconcerted, however, but remained chatting and chaffing and gossiping with freedom rather startling to a new comer. But the Little Authoress sat on, expectant of the summons to the great man's presence.

Presently, the Pale Red Youth reappeared and made his way toward the desk. In passing he looked toward the Little Authoress in her inconspicuous seat and she started in expectation of hearing him speak to her. But he looked away and proceeded to manipulate a typewriter.

Twice more the Egg-Shaped one reappeared and picked out somebody from the crowd as the object of his excursion, and on one occasion the favored person followed him back into the inner office. On the other occasion two or three lingerers managed to evoke from him some response which caused them to abandon their lingering and leave. From time to time other men entered and left the inner office through the door marked Private.

This was all doubtless very amusing and very instructive, but the Little Authoress did not feel that she was accomplishing much and began to show signs of impatience, which interested nobody but herself. A large group of waiting clients resolved to change their quarters, after much discussion and persuasion and entreaties to "Aw! come on now!" and the declaration by one youth, many times repeated and finally taken up by all the other members of the party and giggled over by the girls, that his "feet's begun sendin' out roots, standin' around so long."

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Their ultimate departure left the office rather empty and the Little Authoress became conscious that the Pale Red Youth looked frequently across at her. He seemed to note in her something unlike the usual clients of the place, and presently some kindly impulse moved him to take compassion on the maladroitness of a novice. He arose and came toward her to enlighten her as to the accepted methods of intercourse in this new social sphere to which she had come.

"Say," he said, standing before her, propped up by a tilted chair; "it ain't no use your stickin' around in a corner waitin' for him to see you."

"But I had an introduction, you took it in to him," urged the Little Authoress.

"That don't cut no ice when he's busy," he explained. "He's forgotten about it by now."

"What shall I do then?" the Little Authoress asked, grateful for advice from an expert. Then, to show that she was not lacking in courage, "Shall I walk right in to his office?"

The Pale Red Youth looked at her with interest mingled with pity. How could anyone, grown up and apparently sane, make such a mad suggestion? "Well! I guess not. You can't do that, you know," he said deprecatingly. "No. You just catch at him when he comes in."

"Catch at him?" she asked, not quite understanding.

"Yes, holler at him when he comes by," the youth explained.

"But I don't even know which is he!" she protested.

"It's the fat little duck with the lamps as is always running in and out," he informed her.

"Is that Mr. McDonald?" she asked. McDonald had always suggested to her a Scottish origin and there were curves in the Egg-Shaped gentleman's physiognomy that were not those of a Scot.

"Marmaduke McDonald—Mark Eisenstein! You're wise, ain't you?" and the Pale Red Youth winked portentously. "Just you catch at him the next time he comes by."

The Little Authoress thanked him for the hint and determined to profit by it. Since she was in Rome she would do as the Romans. So the next time Mr. Marmaduke McDonald

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Mark Eisenstein made his progress through the room she arose from her inconspicuous seat and "hollered" with the rest. And for a moment she almost thought she had "hollered" to some purpose, for he certainly seemed to be coming toward her. She was just going to speak to him when a very blonde lady, the roses and lilies of whose cheeks never mingled but remained in rigid aloofness, stepped squarely between them, standing close to Mr. McDonald, and said in a high-pitched voice: "Just one little word in your ear, Mark!" then, over her shoulder to the Little Authoress, "You'll excuse me, Miss!" as she followed him into the inner office.

The Pale Red Youth had marked her discomfiture and came over to offer condolence. "That was some jar," he announced. "You didn't ought to let her put one over on you like that."

"How could I help it?" asked the Little Authoress, half laughing at her own helplessness.

"Oh, you should 'a' told her to take the next car. They'll walk right over you if you let 'em, some of these baby dolls will." And he retreated pensively to his desk.

The next time Mr. McDonald broke from the sanctity of the inner office, the Pale Red Youth had evidently determined that the Little Authoress was not competent to fight her own battles and he stopped his chief and drew his attention to her with a very obvious air of secrecy. The Little Authoress edged up to the two and the great man turned to her. "Well, Miss, what can I do for you?"

She was prepared with a brief, business-like answer which gained his interest enough for her to be told to "step this way." The promptness with which she obeyed insured that no other intruder should "catch at him" in this her brief moment.

Mr. McDonald walked straight up to the desk of the inner office and seated himself in the revolving chair, tipping it well back, his cigar stationary in the corner of his mouth. The room was lined with filing cabinets and photographs, framed and unframed. On the floor was a carpet which had once been red. No chair was placed near the desk, the only other one in the room being almost out of earshot.

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"Now, what about it?" he asked, crossing his legs and placing one hand in the armhole of his waistcoat.

There could be no doubt about it. She was expected to stand as she addressed him. For a moment the Little Authoress flamed hot and she felt inclined to turn on her heel and go. But "in Rome do as the Romans," and before replying she deliberately walked across to the distant chair, picked it up and carried it up to the desk. Without hurry she seated herself facing him.

"Now I can talk to you," she said crisply and concisely.

The Egg-Shaped Man watched her keenly but without a word. Yet he puffed rather hard at his cigar and his drooping underlip tightened up a little.

She stated her business. From behind his glasses he watched her, his black, lashless eyes never leaving her face. Then he asked questions. So she wanted him to read her play? What was it, tragedy? No, comedy with a bit of heart interest.

"How long?"

"Thirty minutes."

"How many characters?"

"Four."

"S'pose it's got a punch to it?"

"Surely yes"; though here the Little Authoress felt a qualm as she caught the unemotional keenness of the eyes above the cigar.

"What's the situation?"

Could she make him see it? Briefly she explained the story, though the words sounded to her halting and inadequate. Tipped back in the revolving chair and puffing hard at the cigar, he listened unmoved.

"So the little woikin' goil throws down the rich guy? What for, did you say?"

"Because she didn't care for him and she didn't think he was her equal."

"Didn't think she was his equal?" he suggested.

"No, Mr. McDonald. Didn't think *he* was *her* equal."

"She's spunky, eh?" and he brought his chair down to the perpendicular, taking his eyes off her for the first time.

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"Oh, yes! And she didn't think him worth making a sacrifice for."

Mr. McDonald took his cigar out of his mouth and looked at it.

"Sacrifice? Well! does it get over?"

The Little Authoress thought it did.

"You can leave it with me and I'll let you know about a try out by Tuesday."

The cigar stayed between his fingers as she rose to go, and again he looked her over with a keen, appraising glance.

"It's her spunkiness which makes the hit?" he queried.

The Little Authoress assented, restraining an impulse to enlarge on her theme and turning to go.

"I don't know but p'raps it would," he said, and absentmindedly he took off his hat and laid it on the top of the desk. A gurgle in his throat may have been a response to her parting "good afternoon."

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FRAGMENTS OF VILLON

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

The Paris of 1465

OPENING the Petit Testament is like opening a window on to Old Paris. The air of winter blows at once in your face.

> **En ce temps que j'ai dit devant**
> **Sur le Noël, morte saison.**

The cry of the wolf sniffing the wind at the city gates crosses the Christmas bells. Spires, chimney-pots, weathercocks, house-gables cut the freezing sky; the windmills of Petit Gentilli stand stark and still as if menacing the always hungry city, and fronting Gentilli the windmills of Pincourt fling their arms to the air.

Shivering and fascinated one listens and looks, till at last, by some alchemy, one finds oneself in the streets themselves, where dusk and dim lanterns struggle together, and the sudden blaze of a torch carried by at a run shows a crowd that is at once a crowd and a shadow. Beggars, prostitutes, tramps, thieves, priests and honest citizens, all those who were once human beings go about their business in that freezing dusk which clings still to the opening and closing lines of the Petit Testament.

The litter of the woman of fashion passes, carried by lacqueys up to their ankles in filth. The vulture profile of the Arblatière and the frozen beard sticking brush-like from his face, gold of baldrick, horror of rags: all are lit by the running torch-man.

You turn a corner and the bells hit you in the face; they seem whipped to life by the wind from the North; you cross the Petit Pont, to the Cité, and the Rue de la Lanterne lies before you, with the church of the Madeleine on one side of it and the Pomme du Pin on the other.

The Pomme du Pin casts its light right out to the roadway. It is the most notable public-house in Paris, and mixed with the bells of St. Merri and the carillon of St. Landry the voice of

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the Pomme comes like the crackling of thorns beneath a pot of mulling wine. There you will find François Villon warming his hands at the fire, thawing the frost and the university out of his blood, and cracking jokes with friends and strangers, whilst Robin Turgis serves the drink. Fournier, the Lieutenant of Police, shows his ugly face at the door; Colin Laurent and Jehan Marceau look in; the place becomes crowded with students of the university, each one entering blue with cold and each one leaving red with wine.

Dusk is the fashionable hour at the Pomme du Pin, night at the Abreuvoir Popin. The Abreuvoir Popin is one of those tragic places that possess evil personalities of their own. It is a watering-place for horses just by the Petit Pont, and in summer it is frequented by blackguard boys, courtezans, thieves, coiners; students broken from the university and disfrocked priests. In winter the tavern beside it is crammed. Here you will find Jehan de Loup and Cassin Cholet, duck thieves; Regnier de Montigny, Colin de Cayeux, Guy Tabary, Dom Nicholas, Petit-Jehan, and Thibault the locksmith; all robbers, and worse.

We can see them drinking together with Villon in their midst, discussing the smallest and the meanest matters, unconscious of the immortality he is to give them, and which they would sell for a bottle of wine.

The Three Quarters

The Paris of Villon, armed, spinous, belted by the wall of Charles V, was divided into three quarters: The University, the Cité, and the Ville. The University, a solid mass of slated roofs covering the left bank of the Seine from the Tournelle to the tower of Neslé and spreading over the hill of St. Geneviève; the Cité, with its twenty-one churches, covering the island of the Cité; and the Ville, covering the right bank with its gardens and palaces. Around this city of a thousand churches * and ten thousand houses, all fused and huddled together as if for warmth and protection, the stray towers and windmills of the suburbs of Gentilli, Pincourt, Porcherons, and Ville L'Evêque.

* Figurative.

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The Court des Miracles was situated in the Ville. This nightmare place, so vividly painted by Hugo, must have been known to Villon,—it recruited from the university as well as from the Church. Shaped like a market-square, it was surrounded by rookeries populated by robbers, beggars, petty thieves and cut-throats; by gypsies, Jews and Christians. It broke through the ruined wall of the Ville, and some of the towers of the wall were used as taverns and houses of ill-repute. Teeming with people by night, lit by bonfires, unapproachable even by the Archers of the watch, the Cour des Miracles, like a terrible lantern, lights the Paris of Villon for the understanding. Where such a place could be, all things might be, and most things unspeakable were.

The Pomme du Pin, the Abreuvoir Popin, and the Cour des Miracles were but three rungs in a ladder. The student who began by drinking at the Pomme often ended by sleeping in the Cour des Miracles. Villon fell into the pit at Méun-sur-Loire in the prison of Thibault d'Ausigny—but he at least escaped from falling into the Cour des Miracles.

The Ville among its other important buildings held the Louvre and the Hôtel de Ville; it was a much more extensive and less densely populated quarter than either that of the Cité or the University. Though it held the Cour des Miracles it held also some of the finest houses in Paris. On the Seine bank lay the Hôtel de Jouy and the Hôtels de Sens and Barbeau; the Queen's Palace and the Abbey of the Celestins were also here. Behind these lay the vast grounds of the Hôtel St. Pol, owned by the King of France. Further afield rose to view the Logis d'Angoulême and the spires and towers of the palace of the Tournelles. To the right of the Tournelles, grim and black, stood the Bastille.

The centre of the Ville was occupied by poor houses. Here lay the Halles and the pillory and the Croix de Trahoir. The great semicircle of the Ville also included a place which, like the Cour des Miracles, throws a sinister light on the Paris of Villon: the Marche au Pourceaux, where was situated the cauldron in which coiners were boiled alive.

Unlike the Ville the Cité was simply crusted with buildings—

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mostly churches. Notre Dame like a mother seemed to have gathered them all around her. In front of the great Cathedral the houses had cleared a space, and the Parvis of Notre Dame, into which three streets emptied, must have been a sight on a feast day and colored by the life of the Ville, the Cité, and the University. Charlemagne, who laid the first stone of the Cathedral, has a place in the verse of Villon, and a whiff of incense from the great old church seems to stray across that ballade written by Villon for his mother.

Notre Dame, like the Cour des Miracles, also holds its lamp to the city of the poet, illuminating other things than the tenebrous and vile.

Here on the Cité was also situated the Palais de Justice at which Villon looks askant. The Palace of the Bishop at which we may fancy him turning up his nose; the Hôtel Dieu on the Parvis, and the Hôtel of Juvenal des Urcines—that chronicler of calamities.

Crossing over from the City to the University by the Petit Pont, one passed the gateway of the Petit Chatelet and found oneself in a maze of streets. Streets, streets, some narrow, some fairly broad; some cutting through rookeries alive with students, some giving frontage to the colleges, forty-two in number, and spired and domed with the spires and domes of fantasy and the Middle Ages.

One passed abbeys and splendid hotels—the Hôtel de Cluny was here and the Logis de Nevers; the Logis de Rome, and the Logis de Rheims—till, elbowing churchmen and students, one at last arrived at the church of St. Benoist de la Bien Tourné, near the Sorbonne.

The church of St. Benoist had a double influence on the life of François de Loge, otherwise known as François Villon. It was Guillaume Villon, a chaplain of St. Benoist, who adopted François de Loge and gave him his name and shelter in his house, the Porte Rouge, situated in the cloister of St. Benoist.

It was in front of St. Benoist one fine evening that François Villon, sitting on a stone and conversing with Gilles, a priest, and one named Ysabeau, was accosted by Phillip Chermoye, also a priest. In the altercation that ensued Villon stabbed Chermoye

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so that he died. A crime—if crime it was—which sent Villon to exile, and helped to give us the *Epistre en forme de Ballade à ses amis.*

Villon

Nearly everything in life gave Villon a ballade; if not, a rondel; if not, a verse. A tavern, a church, the picture of a saint, a friend, an enemy, himself, his old mother, or Colin Cholet the duck thief, all found expression in his genius. He was the voice of old Paris, and of all the voices of her bells and her people, the only living voice to reach us. Yet he is enough, for he speaks for them all. For the rioters in the taverns, for the chattering girls, for the courtezan grown old; for his mother, so clearly that we can see her in the church where she worshipped; for the creaking gibbet and the howling wolf. There is scarcely a friend that he has forgotten or an enemy he has missed; and he is frank as day about himself.

He says horrible things, he says sordid things, and he says beautiful things, but he says one thing always, the truth, and his lamentations are real no less when he is lamenting his own fate than the fate of the women who have vanished from the world.

Considering the times in which he lived, he is wonderfully clean-spoken and devoid of brutality. Remember, that in the Paris of 1465 they boiled malefactors alive in the cauldron of the swine market, the graveyards at night were the haunts of debauchery; priests and nuns helped in the recruiting of the army of crime, and the students of the university were often reduced to begging their bread from door to door. He, in his personal life, has been hardly dealt with. He killed Chermoye; and who was Chermoye?—a priest armed with a dagger. He was a robber, but he was a robber in an age of robbers. God made him a robber, it is true, but at least let us thank God that He did not make him a tradesman.

We have no portrait of Villon. If we had I would swear it showed a better face than the swine face of Rabelais. Rabelais, a great genius who rolls in ordure and honor, whilst Villon, a greater, walks despised by people who call themselves honest men.

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When Auguste Longon, grubbing amidst the archives of the Châtelet de Paris and the Bibliothèque de la Sorbonne, discovered that Villon had many friends who were thieves, he did a great disservice to literature, inasmuch as he incited Robert Louis Stevenson to write his lamentable article on Villon. How so great a man could have put his hand to so mean a work must ever remain one of the mysteries of life. Without charity there is no understanding, and without understanding you may look in vain for charity.

> Ayez pitie, ayez pitie de moy.
> À tout les moins, si vous plaist mes amis!

The Ballads

Villon was born in the year 1431. He died on some date unknown. His manner of living, how much he drank, what people he robbed, if he robbed any, his love affairs, his companions and their status in life—all these things are only of interest to us as footnotes to his literary work, and all these things—first verified—should be set forth without comment.

When a man is living and breathing no other man may dare to attack his reputation; only when he is defenceless through death may the literary kites assemble to dig in his eyes and entrails and make profit out of the corpse of his life and reputation—and a corpse over four thousand years—a corpse may surely be left at peace, even by these.

Villon is the greatest and truest of French poets, and if you doubt my word look at his star which is only now in true ascension after nearly half a thousand years. He is the only French poet who is entirely real; all the rest are tinged with artifice, and his reality is never more vividly apparent than when it is conveyed in the most artificial and difficult form of verse.

The ballade in the hands of this supreme master is capable of producing the most astonishing results. It is now the perfect necklace that fits the throat of Thaïs, and, now the noose that swings from the gibbet. He only requires twenty-eight lines to say about women what Zola has prosily said in five volumes, and only twenty-eight lines to write the epitaph of all the women

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who have ever lived. Villon is the most modern of the moderns; his verse, with the gibbets removed, might have been written in the Paris of to-day, and in any civilization to follow ours he will hold the same high place; for it is his essential that the forms of his genius are the concretions of eternal principles, not the flowery expansions of ephemeral moods.

EPITAPH IN FORM OF A BALLADE

Which was made by Villon for himself and his companions whilst waiting with them expecting to be hanged.

O brother men who after us shall thrive,
Let not your hearts against us hardened be.
For all the pity unto us ye give
God will return in mercy unto ye.
We five or six all swinging from the tree,
Behold, and all our well-fed flesh once fair
Rotted, and eaten by the beaks that tear,
Whilst we the bones to dust and ash dissolve.
Let no man mock us, or the fate we bear;
But pray to God that He shall us absolve.

O brothers, hear us and do not receive
Our lamentations in disdain, tho' we
Came here by justice, for all men that live
Are not born into good sense equally.
Make intercession for us, graciously,
With Him whose life the Virgin once did share,
That His grace comes to us as water clear,
Nor hell's destructions on our heads devolve;
Dead are we, and as dead men leave us here.
But pray to God that He shall us absolve.

The rain has washed us as we'd been alive,
The sun has burned us bitterly ye see.
The pies and crows that all around us strive
Leave us of eyes and beard and eyebrows free.
Never from torment have we sanctuary,
Ever and always driven here and there
At the winds' will, and every change of air,
More pecked by birds than fruit that beaks revolve;
O brothers, make no mock of what we are,
But pray to God that He shall us absolve.

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Envoi

Prince Jesus, lord of all, have us in care,
And keep from us the fires of hell that stare,
Lest those dread fires our fate and future solve.
Men! gaze on us, be warned, and onward fare—
But pray to God that He shall us absolve.

THE LAMENT OF LA BELLE HEAULMIÈRE *

Methought I heard the mournful sigh
Of she who was the town's mistress,
Lamenting that her youth should die
And speaking thus in sore distress:
"Ah, foul age in your bitterness
And hate, why have you used me so,
Why, when you slew my loveliness,
Did you not kill me with that blow?"

Broken hast thou the spell so fair
That beauty once gave unto me;
Merchants and clerks and priests once were
My slaves and all men born to see
Were mine, and paid gold royally
For that without which men's hearts break,
From that which now, if offered free,
No thief in all the town would take.

And many a man have I refused
—So little wisdom did I show—
For love of one black thief who used
My youth as bee the flowering bow.
Tho', spite my wiles, I loved him so
And gave him that which I had sold,
For love he paid me many a blow;
Yet well I know he loved my gold.

Tho' many a blow and many a kick
He gave me, still my love held true,
Tho' he bound faggots stick by stick
Upon my back, one kiss would do

* Heaulmière really means courtezan, from the method of dressing the hair helmet-shape adopted by these ladies.

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To wipe away the bruises blue
And my forgetfulness to win;
And how much am I fatter thro'
That rogue? whose pay was shame and sin!

But he is dead this thirty years,
And I remain by age brought low,
And when I think, alas! in tears
Of what was then and what is now;
And when my nakedness I show
And all my ruined change I see,
Aged, dried, and withered, none may know
The rage that fills the heart of me!

Where now is gone my forehead white,
Those eyebrows arched, that golden hair,
Those eyes that once so keen of sight
Held all men by their gaze so fair;
The straight nose, great nor small, and where
Those little ears, that dimpled chin,
The fine complexion, pale yet clear,
The mouth just like a rose within?

Small shoulders with the grace that dips,
The long arms and the lovely hands,
The little breasts, the full-fleshed hips
That once had strong men's arms for bands;
High, broad and fair as fair uplands
The large reins?

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

The forehead wrinkled, hair turned gray,
The eyebrows vanished, eyes grown blind
That once with laughter's light were gay,
Now gone and never more to find;
Nose bent as if beneath some wind,
Ears hanging, mossed with hair unclean,
Life's color now to Death's inclined,
Chin peaked, and lips like weeds from Seine.

And so all human beauty ends,
The arms grown short, the hands grown thin,
Shoulders like twin fair ruined friends,
The breasts like sacks all shrunken in,

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The flanks that now no gaze could win;
That's best forgot—
The thighs that once were firm, like skin
O'er sausage meat for stain and spot.

So we regret the good old times,
And squatting round the fire sit we,
Old tripes to watch the flame that climbs
And in the fire our past to see.
Like sticks to feed a fire we be,
A fire that soon is lit and done;
Yet had we beauty once—*Pardie*
—Which is the tale of many a one.

BALLADE
OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS

Take those famed for language fair,
Florentines, Venetiennes,
Each good as love's messenger,
Maidens young or ancients.
Roman girls, Lombardiennes,
Girls whose names Geneva carries,
Piedmont girls, Savoysiennes;
No girls speak like those of Paris.

Tho' for grace of language are
Famed the Neapolitans,
And in chattering Germans share
Pride of place with Prussians.
Taking Greeks, Egyptians,
Austrians, whom no rhyme marries,
Spanish girls, Castillians,
No girls speak like those of Paris.

Brettones-Swiss their language mar,
Gascon girls, Tolousiennes;
Two fish fags would close their jar
On Petit Pont, Lorrainiennes,
English girls, Calaisiennes.
—All the world my memory harries—
Picard girls, Valenciennes,
No girls speak like those of Paris.

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Envoi

Prince, to fair Parisiennes
Give the prize, nor turn where tarries
One who saith "Italians."
No girls speak like those of Paris.

DOUBLE BALLADE OF GOOD COUNSEL

Go love as much as love you will
And forth to feasts and banquets stray,
Yet at the end there comes the bill
And broken heads at break of day.
For light loves make men beasts of prey,
They bent toward idols Solomon,
From Samson took his eyes away,
Happy is he not so undone.

For this did Orpheus, who could thrill
With pipe and flute the mountains gray,
Come near to death where stands to kill
Four-headed Cerberus at bay.
Also Narcissus, fair as May,
Who in a deep dark pool did drown
For love of light loves fair and gay.
Happy is he not so undone.

Sardana praised in knighthood still
Who conquered Crete, did yet betray
His manhood, nor disdained the frill
And skirt for this—or so they say.
King David, great in prophecy,
Forgot his God for sight of one
Who washing did her thigh display.
Happy is he not so undone.

And Ammon was a man until
Foul love cast him in disarray,
Feigning to eat of tarts, his skill
O'ercame his sister till she lay
Dishonored, which was incest, aye,
Most foul—see Herod who made John
Headless, beneath a dancer's sway.
Happy is he not so undone.

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Next of myself—most bitter pill—
I, thrashed as washerwomen bray
Their clothes, in nature's deshabille
Stood nakedly—and wherefore, pray?
Ask Katherin of Vauselles, malgré
Noe had most part of the fun.
Such wedding gloves no loves repay;
Happy is he not so undone.

But that young man impressible,
Turn him from those young maidens, nay,
Burn him upon the witches' hill,
He'd turn in burning to the fray.
They're sweet to him as civet—aye,
But trust them and your peace is gone;
Brunette or blonde one law obey.
Happy is he not so undone.

RONDEL

Your memory is death to me,
My only good the sight of you,
I swear by all that I hold true
That joy without you cannot be.
When I your face no longer view
I die of sadness, yea—*pardie*
Your memory is death to me.

Alas, sweet sister fair to see,
Have pity on me, for with you
Evil recoils, the sky is blue;
Without you clouds shade land and sea.
—Your memory is death to me!

RONDEL

True god of Love turn here thy gaze,
Draw death to me thro' Death's dark ways
More hastily.

For I have badly used my days,
I die of love thro' Love's delays,
Most certainly.

Grief's weariness upon me preys.

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LETTER

In the form of a Ballade, to his friend. From the pit at Méun-sur-Loire in the prison of Thibault d'Ausigny.

Have pity on me, have pity I pray,
My friends may I pray you to grant this grace,
For far from the hawthorne trees of May
I am flung in this dungeon in this far place
Of exile, by God and by Fate's disgrace.
New married and young, girls, lovers that kneel,
Dancers and jugglers that turn the wheel,
Needle sharp, quick as a dart each one;
Voiced like the bells midst the hills that peal.
Will you leave him like this—the poor Villon?

Singers who sing without law your lay,
Laughing and jovial in words and ways,
Feather-brained folk, yet always gay,
Who run without coin good or bad your race.
You have left him too long who is dying apace,
Makers of ballads for tongues to reel,
Where lightning shews not nor breezes steal,
Too late you will praise him when he is gone;
Around whom the walls are like bands of steel.
Will you leave him like this—the poor Villon?

Come hither and gaze on his disarray,
Nobles who know not the tax-man's face,
Who homage to kings nor emperors pay,
Only to God in His paradise.
Behold him who Sundays and holidays
Fasts till like rakes his teeth reveal.
Who after crusts but never a meal
Water must suck till his belly's a tun;
With stool nor bed for his back's appeal,
Will you leave him like this—the poor Villon?

Envoi

Princes, young, or whom years congeal,
A pardon I pray with the royal seal;
Then hoist me in basket the earth upon.
So even will swine for each other feel,
And rush to help at the hurt one's squeal;
Will you leave him like this—the poor Villon?

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RONDEL

Good year! good week! good day
Health, joy and honor with you stay,
From Better's door to best pass through,
And joy in love may God give you.
And for a new year's gift, I pray
A lady than Helaine more gay,
Whose purse may always gold display;
Live long without age touching you.
Good year! good week! good day!
And when you leave this earthly way,
May heavenly joy your heart repay
When caught up to the heavenly blue,
Where one may find the only true
Bliss, without pain or sorrow gray.
Good year! good week! good day!

BALLADE OF VANISHED LORDS

And more—that Pope the third Calixte,
Last of his name, where is he gone,
Who four years held the Papalist;
Where's Alphonse, King of Arragon.
The gracious lord duke of Bourbon,
And Artus, duke of broad Bretagne,
And Charles the seventh, named "Le Bon"?
But where is now brave Charlemagne!

Also that Scottish king of mist
And rain, with half his face, saith one,
Vermillion like an amethyst,
Painted from chin right up to crown.
The Cyprian king of old renown,
Alas! and that good king of Spain,
Whose name hath from my memory flown?
But where is now brave Charlemagne!

I say no more, let me desist
In useless quest of things undone,
For none may pallid Death resist
Or find in law evasion.*

* This is the true translation; also, Sigismund does not appear in the original, but he was the person referred to.

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One question more and I have done,
Where's Launcelot, ruler of Behaigne,
With Sigismund, beneath what sun?
But where is now brave Charlemagne!

Envoi

Where's Claquin now, the good Breton,
Where's the count Dauphin D'Auvergne,
The last good duke D'Alençon?
But where is now brave Charlemagne!

VILLON'S BALLADE OF VANISHED LADIES

[A version by H. de Vere Stacpoole]

Now tell me in what land may be
The Roman Flora? and again
Where's Thaïs fair, and fair as she,
Hypparchia, cousins once germane?
Where's Echo, heard where rings the rain
On mere, and where the river flows.
Whose beauty hath no human stain?
But where are now the last year's snows!

Where is the most learned Heloïse
For whom, cast forth with manhood slain,
Pierre Abellard at Saint Denys
Suffered thro' love such grievous pain?
Also the Queen who in her reign
Commended Buridan to those
Who cast him in a sack to Seine?
But where are now the last year's snows!

The Queen Blanche like a white lily,
Voiced like a siren of the main,
Berthe-broadfoot, Beatrix, Alys,
And Haremburges who held Mayne;
And Joan, the good maid of Lorraine,
At Rouen burnt by English foes.
Queen, Virgin! where do these remain?
But where are now the last year's snows!

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Envoi

Prince, ask me not this week in vain,
Where are they? nor this year that goes;
Aye, must remain the same refrain,
But where are now the last year's snows!

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EDITORIAL NOTES

California and the Japanese

RACE prejudice is a curious and difficult question; and it is rarely discreet for anyone not intimately affected to offer condemnation or approval of any specific acts that have resulted from a long period of tension. California may or may not have reason to regard the Japanese with disfavor; but only those who have come into close contact, not merely with the Japanese, but with the Japanese under the conditions prevailing in California, should express any decided opinion with regard to the general question.

But there can scarcely be two opinions with regard to the conduct of the Californian Executive and Legislature in ignoring the grave representations of the national Government. There is here no question either of States' rights, or of the unendurable wrongs of a community. There is a question only of the consideration that should, and must, be paid by every member of this confederation of States to the federal Executive. California has deliberately exposed the nation to the risk of an unnecessary and disastrous conflict. Where delay would have been entirely in accordance with dignity and decency, she insisted upon having her own way, petulantly, in defiance of the public opinion of the country and the weighty remonstrances of the Administration.

The national Executive has come with additional credit through a difficult situation. The Californian Executive and Legislature will have little but discredit in the final balancing of accounts.

The Freedom of the Press

IN a free country, there can be no tampering with the freedom of the press.

The conviction of Mr. Scott, editor of *The Passaic Weekly*, on the charge of "inciting hostility to the government," is obviously incompatible with freedom. All criticism, however sane and sincere, of public men and measures could be twisted to come

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within the scope of such an indictment. The conviction must be quashed.

Yet Mr. Scott is not entitled to any special sympathy. Freedom is not license. Vitriolic expression of a purely partisan and prejudiced viewpoint cannot claim the protection that will be given to any, and every, public utterance that is not vitiated by personal prejudice or intemperate narrow-mindedness.

Mistakes can be condoned. Vindictiveness and raucousness cannot.

Far too many would-be guiders of public opinion try to cloak their own inefficiency under the mantle of press-privilege and press-prestige. Far too many declamatory partisans assume that their own little circle of vituperation embraces all the universes of thought.

Freedom of the press involves freedom from prejudice. It must be admitted that a certain section of the press is not entitled to much freedom.

"Outward Decency"

THE first report of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, the organization of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is chairman, contains, amongst others, the following interesting statements:

Manhattan alone supports 15,000 prostitutes.

There are 1,606 vice resorts of all grades in the borough.

There are more than 300 "massage parlors" in which not the slightest effort is made to cloak the immoral nature of the real "business" conducted.

Thirty of the most tawdry resorts operated as a combine earn in the aggregate at least $2,000,000 annually.

Twenty-seven such vice resorts were located in tenements, where, all told, some 500 children under sixteen years of age were playing about the halls.

The comforting doctrine of "outward decency" is once more completely vindicated; and the children of the tenements, brought up in such wholesome surroundings, will illustrate in later life the advantages of an admirable environment.

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Colonel Roosevelt

COLONEL ROOSEVELT has refuted the charges of insobriety that were stupidly or maliciously given wide currency.

Every man who figures largely in public affairs and public discussion has enough to contend with in meeting the legitimate criticism of sincere opponents, without being exposed to the absurdities of vindictive or ignorant antagonists. Personal defamation for party purposes cannot be tolerated. Colonel Roosevelt has rendered a distinct service to the nation in bringing the matter to a definite issue. But it seems regrettable that, in order to check the spreading of the calumny, he was compelled to bring an action against the editor and proprietor of an unimportant paper. Public opinion should by now be sufficiently informed and powerful to resent and prevent the use of slander and virulence as political weapons.

The Pankhurst Paradox

THE demand for the enfranchisement of women depends largely upon the assumption that physical force is no longer the basis either of citizenship or of government, that a stage of civilization has been reached in which the authority of government is derived from intellectual and moral forces in the development and direction of which women are fully qualified to take part. The reliance of the Pankhurst extremists upon violence is therefore characteristically peculiar.

The Women's Social and Political Union proudly claims a list of 7,000 subscribers. That this insignificant number of fanatics should attempt to dictate to the vast army of constitutional suffragists is almost incredible. For it is not only the men whom they are trying to coerce. They are deliberately attempting to impose discredited and discreditable methods upon all the sensible women who realize what the vote means, why they desire and require it, and how they intend to secure it.

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